

The Sketch

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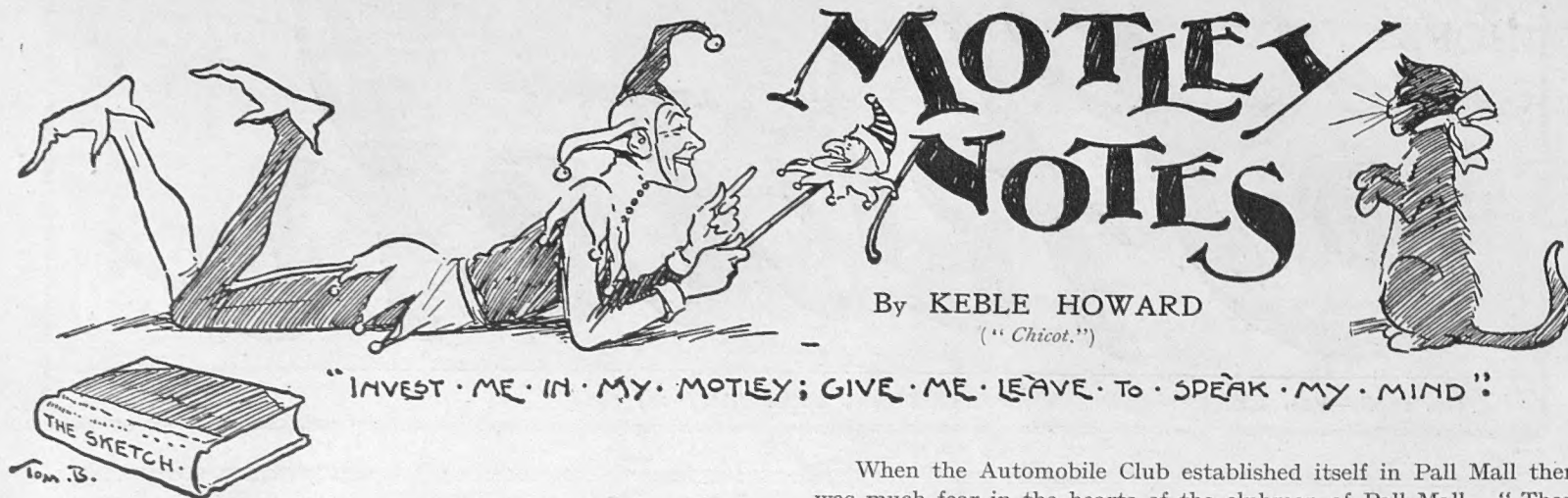
SIXPENCE.



SHOEING THE BARE FEET: THE NEW "SANDALS" FOR THOSE LADIES WHO FOLLOW THE LATEST CRAZE BY GOING STOCKINGLESS.

Here is illustrated another new craze—that for going stockingless and wearing, not the sandals of ancient Greece or Rome, but shoes of the type here seen, which are specially made to "go with" bare feet. The photograph shows Mlle. Renouardt, of the Théâtre du Palais Royal; with shoes by the Maison Hellstern.

Photograph by Talbot.



An Idea for Dentists.

I am rather interested just now, for personal reasons into which I need not enter, in dentists. From time to time it has been my privilege to outline schemes whereby various people could, if they so desired, make fortunes. To-day I propose to show some enterprising dentist the way to make an even larger fortune than dentists usually make. All dentists die rich, but this dentist will die a millionaire.

What is the worst part of a visit to the dentist? Is it the actual experience in the chair? Surely not, for many people will tell you that their dentist never hurts them in the least. What is it, then, that makes us shudder at the very mention of a dentist? It is our old friend, Anticipation. Before you go to the dentist, you must make an appointment. In cold blood, you must write or telephone for an appointment. The appointment made, you must wait so many days before you arrive at the chair, and every day Anticipation grows larger and blacker. He comes to you directly you wake in the morning, he stays at your elbow all day, and he is with you until the very moment that you sink to slumber. He may even haunt you in your dreams.

Now, my dentist must establish a practice on the "No-Waiting" system. He must have a number of surgeries, and a number of skilled operators. He must, in fact, conduct his business as expeditiously as a popular West-End barber.

The Value of Impulse.

It must be well known that, just as you walk into a barber's shop and get your hair cut without any previous appointment—and one is often in the barber's chair just as long as in the dentist's—so you can walk into the establishment of this dentist, sit straight down, and let him do what is required.

We can all do things on impulse that we cannot do if we think about them. Most of the big things in history have been done on impulse. Men of action no sooner get an idea than they proceed to carry it out. If they pondered over it, if they allowed it to get lukewarm and then cold, they would never do it at all. The same thing applies to all our actions. You have toothache, or you suddenly bite on a bad tooth, and you say, "I must go to my dentist." And you would go if you could go straight away. But you have to write for an appointment, and when the time comes to write the letter your tooth is not aching and so you put off the whole thing. Nothing is so easily put off as a visit to the dentist. Teeth decay so slowly that a few days more will not matter. And the few days grow into weeks, and months, and years, and then your digestion is hopelessly ruined.

I want to see a dentist's establishment into which you can turn at any reasonable hour of the day. Then we shall say, "Hullo, here's a dentist's! Let's go and have this tooth stopped!" Oh, yes, and the personal element *would* enter into it. Most men go to the same chair in the barber's shop.

Pall Mall.

Pall Mall, as all the world knows, is the quietest street in London. It is the quietest street because many of the richest and most influential men in the kingdom have determined that it shall be quiet. They have bought the street, or the greater part of it, and put up massive buildings of stone in which they may be quiet. These buildings are called clubs. They are built of stone in order that the noise of the traffic without, what there is of it, may not penetrate to the libraries and smoking-rooms. And they are so quiet that the human voice, if raised above a murmur, seems an outrage, and brings corrugated frowns to the brows of the members. All this is as it should be. England is the home of the quiet club and the shaded light.

When the Automobile Club established itself in Pall Mall there was much fear in the hearts of the clubmen of Pall Mall. "These motorists," they said, "are noisy fellows. They will all come to this new club in noisy cars, and they will stand on the steps and shout at each other, and they will go away again in noisy cars, and they will shout more loudly as they go than they did when they came. Pall Mall will no longer be the quietest street in London. Pall Mall will be a pandemonium. We must resign in a body, or compel the Committee to pull down our beloved club and put it up again in another street. It seems a pity, but there is no hope for it. We have had experience of motorists, and we know them to be people who cannot be happy without noise."

The Silencers.

Wherein the members of the old-established clubs in the quietest street in the world were wrong. The Royal Automobile Club, so far from being a noisy club, is even quieter than the other clubs in Pall Mall. It may have meant to be noisy; it may even have tried to be noisy; but the influence of Pall Mall has descended upon it and the Automobile Club is now a club of silencers. The one aim and desire of the members is to keep the club as quiet as they can possibly keep it. True, there is a rifle-range, but it is tucked away in the basement. There is also a swimming-bath, but swimming is a very quiet amusement; it is even quieter than whist, and far, far quieter than billiards.

An attempt was made to start smoking-concerts in the club, but that would not do at all. Hear the Secretary on the subject: "We have abandoned the smoking-concerts; members do not like noise"—What did I tell you?—"so we give them juggling and Tango dancers. The club is crowded every day for the Tango teas and suppers."

That is splendid hearing. I do hope that the other clubs in Pall Mall, if they really worship quiet, will give up such noisy recreations as cribbage and auction and take to jugglers. The bulwarks of Liberalism at the Reform could learn a lot from Chinko, when he is disengaged, and the bulwarks of the Church at the Athenæum could ask for nothing more decorous than an exhibition of the Tango as given by the average British exhibitors.

Even a Cave-Dweller.

A curious story from America illustrates once again the extraordinary fascination of the male sex. It seems that a man who had no desire to be married to anybody, who, as a matter of fact, must have made up his mind never to be married to anybody, retired to a cave in a canyon in Colorado and lived there. "I, at least," said he to himself, "am safe. Should a woman cross my path, she will not wish to join me and live in a cave. Yes, I am as safe as safe! Hurrah!"

But he wasn't. A woman did cross his path, and she loved him so much that she was quite glad to live in a cave. She even hewed the rock to build the altar before which they were married. "All right," said the would-have-been hermit to himself; "she can stay here now." And he made his plans accordingly.

What happened? Just as the hermit had got accustomed to being married, his wife tired of the cave, and returned to her home and civilisation. So the hermit not only had all his arrangements upset a second time, but he was even put to the bother of obtaining a divorce for desertion.

What are we to do with such a sex? Why couldn't the poor man have been left alone in his cave in the canyon? I am prepared to bet that fifty women will be round that cave the moment the decree has been made absolute. If the man really wants to be at peace, he had better come and take a flat in a busy London street. Then nobody will know or care anything about him.

HORSY MATTERS: IN THE COURTS AND IN THE FIELD.



1. WINNER OF THE ACTION BROUGHT BY CAPTAIN THOMAS HENRY BROWNE : MR. JACK BARNATO JOEL LEAVING THE LAW COURTS WITH MRS. JOEL.
2. CLAIMER OF £2000 COMMISSION FROM MR. J. B. JOEL ON THE PURCHASE OF PRINCE PALATINE : CAPTAIN T. H. BROWNE.
3. A PEER WHO GAVE EVIDENCE IN THE ACTION BROUGHT BY CAPTAIN BROWNE AGAINST MR. J. B. JOEL : LORD ST. DAVIDS.
4. LADY GWENDELIN SPENCER-CHURCHILL AND LADY NORAH BRASSEY (CENTRE) AT A MEET OF THE QUORN.

5. MISS D. FENWICK ; MISS G. NELSON ; AND MRS. C. P. NICKALLS, WIFE OF THE POLO-PLAYER, AT A MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY.
6. MRS. ISAAC BELL, WIFE OF THE MASTER, AT A MEET OF THE KILKENNY.
7. LADY AMY GORDON-LENNOX, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF MARCH, AT A MEET OF THE QUORN.
8. LADY KATHLEEN LINDSAY AND HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER, MISS KATHLEEN LINDSAY, AT A MEET OF THE KILKENNY.

With reference to the three photographs at the top of this page, it should be said that Captain Thomas Henry Browne, a retired Army officer, failed the other day in the action in which he claimed £2000 commission from Mr. J. B. Joel, who purchased the

well-known race horse Prince Palatine last year from Mr. Thomas Pilkington, giving £40,000 for it. Captain Browne alleged that he acted as Mr. Joel's agent in the matter. This contention the defendant denied. Lord St. Davids was one of those who gave evidence.

Photographs by C.N., L.N.A., Topical, Sport and General, and Poole.

GILDED FACES; METALLIC MOUSTACHES; "SHAVINGS" HAIR:



1. A FAIRY WITH GILDED FACE AND GOLDEN, SHAVINGS-LIKE HAIR.

2. THE GOLDEN TITANIA: MISS CHRISTINE SILVER.

5. SUGGESTING A STRANGE CAMBODIAN DEITY, WITH "SHAVINGS" HAIR AND MOUSTACHE.

6. WITH FAIR WIG: MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS HELENA.

Mr. Granville Barker's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Savoy is arousing very much interest; for the costumes, the make-ups, and the decoration are even "newer" than were those of recent productions by the same famous manager. The general idea was well summed up the other day in the "Times," in which it was said: "Is it Titania's 'Indian Boy' that has given Mr. Barker his notion of Orientalising Shakespeare's fairies? Or is it Bakst? Anyhow, they look like Cambodian idols and posture like Nijinsky in 'Le Dieu Bleu.' But the most startling thing about them is that they are all gold—gold hair, gold faces, gold to the tips of their toes. A golden Oberon is flouted by a golden Titania. Peas-Blossom and Cobweb and Moth and Mustard-Seed

FIGURES FROM THE SAVOY "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."



3. A SUMURUN-LIKE FIGURE, WITH A SCIMITAR AND "GILDED" BEARD AND HAIR.

4. WITH METALLIC WIG AND WITH BEARD AND MOUSTACHE OF ROPE.

7. SUGGESTING BYZANTINE DECORATION: MISS LAURA COWIE AS HERMIA.

8. WITH METALLIC MOUSTACHES; "SHAVINGS" HAIR; AND FANTASTIC HEAD-DRESS.

are golden children—the only children among these fairies—three in flakes of gold, and the fourth in golden baggy trousers out of 'Sumurun.' . . . On the gold is one single patch of scarlet. This is Puck, with a baggy wig and baggy breeches, a hobgoblin. . . . As for Theseus and Hippolyta and their train, we do not know where their dresses come from. We can only make shots. Is it from the mural decorations of Minos's Palace unearthed in Crete? But some of them seem Byzantine and suggest a Ravenna fresco. All, men and women alike, wear 'peg-top' trousers, tight at the ankle. But in the last scene, at the performance of 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' they, so to speak, put on their evening clothes—flowing Greek robes."

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OLD ARMY DAYS: MARRIED QUARTERS IN BARRACK-ROOM CORNERS: RECRUITING STORIES: PAUL DÉROULÈDE.

A Sepoys' Dance. I read that Captain Butler was assassinated at a Sepoy Dance of the Waziristan Militia, and I wonder what the words "Sepoy Dance" call up to the mind of the untravelled Englishman. It is as unlike any dance with which we are familiar in England as is possible. The men who perform it are in their native dress of white robes, each man carries a sword, and they dance in a circle, generally round a camp fire, whirling and twirling and leaping, and cutting at imaginary enemies with their swords. Sometimes a man will come out from the circle and do a *pas seul*. It is all tremendously exciting and exceedingly savage. Such a dance is considered one of the show sights of India, and when King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was at Calcutta a body of these native dancers were brought from the frontier to do their dance before him.

Old Days in the Army. A soldier's wife who went out with her husband's regiment to the Crimea has just died, and the description she gave some little time before her death of how a married soldier lived in barracks in pre-Crimean days will come as a surprise to the married soldiers of to-day, who have exceedingly comfortable married quarters in every barracks. It was the custom in the bad old days for the women who were "on the strength" to live with their husbands in the corners of the barrack-rooms, which were curtained off in the roughest possible manner by the women that they might have some little privacy. I am an old enough soldier to remember the Service when this custom still existed, and, as a subaltern at Limerick, can recollect the pitiful little collection of household gods that was up in one corner of the big barrack-room in which half the company to which I was posted lived.

Washing Day. Some of the married N.C.O.s of the regiment drew lodging allowance, and lived in a row of houses that were little more than huts outside the barrack gates. It was my duty as the subaltern of the company to go round some of these lodgings and to see that the women kept their rooms fairly clean. There was one room, however, into which I never penetrated. The corporal's wife who inhabited it was thoroughly of opinion that an Irishwoman's room was her castle, and when, with the colour-sergeant in attendance, I rapped at the door and asked whether I might come in and look round, a very broad, red-headed Irishwoman, with her bare arms folded, always filled the doorway and informed me that it was washing-day—that I could not come in. It seemed to me to be strange that it was always "washing-day" when I went round the married quarters, and on one occasion I made a remark to this effect. "Aye, Sor, and ut always will be," was the lady's reply to my observation.

Recruiting in the Old Days.

In nothing has modern soldiering changed more than in the methods of recruiting. Nowadays a young recruit who joins a depot is allowed to go home as often as possible, in order that he may show his scarlet coat in the village or town, and may tell other youngsters how he is fed and how he is housed in barracks, for a true account of a recruit's experiences forms the best advertisement for the Service. In the old days it was considered quite fair to tell a recruit any fairy-stories, and to promise him every sort of entertainment and amusement when he joined his corps. In the days of the Napoleonic Wars very high bounty was given for recruits, and a recruiting officer spent large sums of money in entertaining them. The Welsh Regiment still keeps a placard issued by an officer of that regiment, the close of which runs thus: "You will find me ready to receive you with a bottle of wine in one hand and sixteen guineas in the other, and before you join our regiment I intend to treat you with a supper and ball, when you may have the enthusiastic pleasure of dancing with the object of your affection."

An Old-Fashioned Recruiting Sergeant.

As late as thirty or forty years ago, a recruiting sergeant, when he went out to gather in young men, considered it quite fair to tell them marvellous stories of what the Colonel would

do for any well-set-up young man when he joined. I once met in a village a cavalry sergeant who was wearing brass spurs and an infantry Field Officer's sword and scabbard, and had in other respects touched up his uniform a little to make it more brilliant, and I listened to the stories that he told the yokels who listened to him as he sat outside the village public-house. He assured them that the Colonel would always lend his own charger to any fine lad who showed a liking for good horseflesh, and his description of what the full dress of his regiment was, and how any recruit who joined would come back with gold up to the shoulders, and patent-leather jack-boots up to his thighs, and spurs with rowels the size of crowns, was wonderful to hear. According to him, a recruit's life, when not out hunting on his charger, consisted chiefly in dancing with officers' wives and drinking champagne out of soup-tureens.

I only saw Paul Déroulède, the French patriot—when he was laying a

wreath on the base of the statue of the lost fortress, Strasburg, which stands in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. He wrote a book of songs for the French soldier, songs which are still sung on the march, and these songs have for the men the particular attraction that the man who wrote them fought through the great war and gave his blood for his country. It was Paul Déroulède's great wish not to die in his bed, but that satisfaction was not vouchsafed to him.



LIVING STONES: LORD LYTTON'S LITTLE DAUGHTER AS "DOLLY" (x) IN A CURIOUS CURLING MATCH.



WITH LIVING "DOLLY" (x) IN POSITION AND A LIVING STONE BEING PROPELLED TOWARDS IT: CURIOUS CURLING AT WENGEN.

Our photographs illustrate a curious curling match played recently at Wengen, with living "dolly" and living stones.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MR. OSCAR ASCHE—FOR KNOWING THAT THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE (WATERLOO) CUP AND THE LIP.

Mr. Oscar Asche has two greyhounds nominated for the Waterloo Cup—Captain Wood and Once Australia. He brought them from Australia.—Sir Joseph Fuller is seen in our photograph kissing the hand of Mrs. Whitehead, wife of Captain E. T. Whitehead, at Mürren.—Adeline Duchess of Bedford, whose account of her visits to political prisons in Portugal made such a sensation last year,



SIR J. BAMPFYLDE FULLER — FOR SHOWING THAT OLD-WORLD COURTLINESS IS NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH MODERN SPORTS.



ADELINE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD—FOR HER PLUCKY EFFORTS TO WAKE UP ENGLAND ABOUT PORTUGAL.



MR. F. T. RAYNHAM—FOR BEATING THE GABY GLIDE BY A LITTLE MATTER OF TWENTY-ONE MILES—FROM BROOKLANDS TO HENDON.

continues to work for the cause of the political prisoners. She attended the protest meeting on the 6th at the Westminster Palace Hotel.—After beating the British altitude record at Brooklands the other day, by rising to 15,000 feet, Mr. F. T. Raynham cut off his engine and did a glide the whole way to Hendon, twenty-one miles. On arriving he was still 5000 feet up.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, C.N., Speaight, and Record Press.



GENERAL SMUTS—FOR SO MODERATELY RESTRICTING THE "HONOURS LIST" OF THOSE WHO "NEVER WOULD BE MISSED."

In his speech at Capetown justifying the deportation of the nine strike leaders, General Smuts said that a much longer "honours list" had been submitted by the police, and that many consummate scoundrels remained in the country.—An Anglo-American attempt is to be made to win the "Daily Mail" prize of £10,000 for a water-plane flight across the Atlantic. Mr. Rodman Wanamaker is having a machine built by Mr. Glenn Curtiss, the American airman, and it will



LIEUTENANT J. C. PORTE—FOR EXPECTING TO BE MORE SUBLIME EVEN THAN THE SUBLIME PORTE.



MR. GLENN CURTISS—FOR MAKING THE MECHANICAL "DUCK" THAT IT IS HOPED WILL FLY ACROSS "THE DUCKPOND."



MR. GUSTAV HAMEL—FOR ASTONISHING GEORGE V. MORE THAN HERNE THE HUNTER DID HENRY VIII. AT WINDSOR.

be piloted by Lieutenant J. C. Porte, formerly of the British Naval submarine service, and an American airman not yet selected.—Mr. Gustav Hamel recently gave exhibition flights at Windsor, and "looped-the-loop" fourteen times in seventeen minutes before the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family.—It has been reported that M. Louis de Rougemont will lecture at the Cabaret Club on Sunday on "How 'The Cave of the Calf' was discovered at the South Pole."



M. LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT—FOR KNOWING HOW "THE CAVE OF THE CALF" WAS DISCOVERED AT THE SOUTH POLE.

Photographs by Barratt, Record Press, Branger, Underwood and Underwood, and H. Walter Barnett.



LORD DERBY—FOR OFFERING TO SELL HIS "BOOTLE'S BABY" FOR £1,500,000.

Baron de Forest's acceptance of Lord Derby's offer to sell his estates at Bootle for £1,500,000 will apparently not lead to business. As their later correspondence shows, they had misunderstood each other as to Baron de Forest's valuation of the



THE PRINCE OF WALES—FOR BRINGING SUCH A SPORTSMAN-LIKE AIR (APPARENT) INTO THE HUNTING-FIELD.

estate at over £3,000,000 in the Land Inquiry Report.—The Prince of Wales was out the other day with the Bicester Hounds.—[Photographs by Preston, Sport and General, and Bassano.]



BARON DE FOREST—FOR MAKING SURE "BOOTLE'S BABY" IS ALL THERE.

AS ACTIVE AS 43 CATS ON HOT BRICKS! QUICK-WAY HICKS.



THE HUSTLING, BUSTLING "BROADWAY JONES": MR. SEYMOUR HICKS IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

As "Broadway" Jones, Mr Seymour Hicks is as active as would be the forty-three cats given to him for luck by his daughter Betty if those beasts were not of china, but alive and on hot bricks! Those who know the actor's work need not be told

that he always moves on the stage at express speed. At the Prince of Wales's he has succeeded in accelerating even his usual rate. Few amongst the audiences would have him reduce this; for, without question, he is the life of the piece.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



VARIETY UNCHANGED: THE OXFORD OF THE PAST AND THE PALLADIUM OF THE PRESENT.

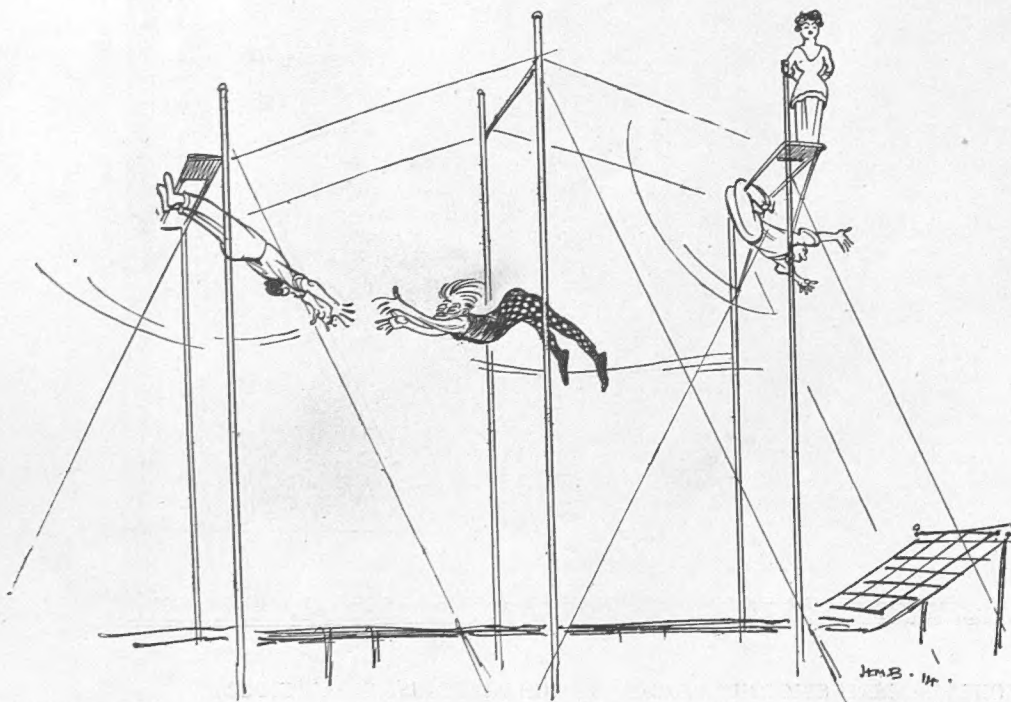
Old Days in the Halls.

A glance at the programme of the Palladium quite thrilled me, for here, manifestly, was a real music-hall show. Now, of late years, I have visited the Variety Theatres pretty often, and always for a revue or ballet, or some other lengthy "turn," beside which the

rest of the bill was unimportant. At the Palladium there was just the kind of programme we used to have in my early music-hall days, except that there was no printed programme at the date when somebody gave me a season ticket for the old Oxford, and even introduced me to the Chairman. I felt not a little proud at enjoying the privilege of sometimes offering him a drink or a cigar, and sitting by him when, before each "turn," he banged the table with a hammer and called out: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. or Miss — will now oblige." Richly coloured he was, but very silent, and he consumed tranquilly all the cigars and all the drinks offered by all the world, without any air of effort. They seemed to have no more effect upon him than a penny bun would

"ITALIAN PROTEAN ARTIST":
MR. ARTURO BERNARDI.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

have on an elephant. I remember the dawning of many a Star—of Arthur Roberts, Connie Gilchrist, and Bessie Bellwood. That incontestable genius, Marie Lloyd, had not appeared; Dan Leno was unknown to fame; the Biltons had not shone and disappeared; but the great Macdermott existed and— However, I am hired to write about the Palladium, and not the old Oxford! Yet the difference between them is not enormous. A bigger, more elaborate building, a larger orchestra, a printed programme, with picture, a couple of short sketches, and no drinks in the auditorium: there you have the chief differences; whilst in reality the entertainment was much the same. Have I ever used, in *The Sketch*, the profound, well-worn phrase of Alphonse Karr, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose"? Futurists may rave and write wonderful "tosh" about the Halls, but I fancy that in the bulk of them the



"HUMAN AEROPLANES": THE FOUR BOISES.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

fundamentals will show little change during my life. People talk of greater refinement, but in my old Oxford days—no, I am not referring to a career at the University—in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties, the tone there was quite as good as it is now in the Halls.

Little Tich.

The Palladium programme contains fourteen numbers; I missed the overture, but sat out the rest, even up till twenty minutes to twelve. I mention the hour because Mrs. Monocle seemed a little suspicious about the time when I got home; and if I state the hour in print and no one writes to contradict me, she may be convinced. Of the baker's dozen, the most popular seemed to be Hetty King ("the famous male impersonator"), Arturo Bernardi ("Italian Protean Artist"), May Moore Duprez ("the Jolly Dutch Girl"), and "Little Tich." Curious how these people run in "lines." Instead of the terms in brackets, you could substitute "a Vesta Tilley turn," "a Fregoli turn," and so on. This, of course, does not apply to Little Tich, who is *sui generis*, a real droll, whom I never see without thinking that if born

some centuries ago he would have lived in history as a famous Court Jester. He and I are intimately related (a fact of which he is unaware), for the ceiling of my bedroom is the floor of his—some apartment; and often when I lie a-bed a little wearied by turning out a masterpiece, I hear on that partition—my ceiling, his floor—a pitter-patter, pitter-patter, bang-bang, and wonder whether he is practising some of his amazing dances (and there must be an immense amount of practice) or toddling round his billiard-table. When I leave my humble "bus," I see him sailing off in his lordly car, and then, perhaps, I grumble because they don't pay my masterpieces as lavishly as they pay his. But then, you see, there are hundreds of thousands who know that his are masterpieces, and only two that believe in mine, and I am doubtful about one of the two; but I dare not say which. How the audience revels in his quaint antics, his broad humour, his lively patter, his strange faces, his queer trick falls and his stupendous vitality!



"THE JOLLY DUTCH GIRL": MISS MAY
MOORE DUPREZ.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

The Rest. Bernardi is a quick-change artist, and one thing that he does is novel to me,

for in his second sketch he lets you see how the trick is done and watch his two dressers—I guessed, wrongly, that there must be a dozen—pull off this and shove on that, and hand the other, and so on, enabling him, whilst walking five yards, to change in externals from one person to another. It looks wonderfully easy, yet I suspect that if you or I were to try, something would go wrong every time, though I can dress for dinner, including a fair amount of washing, well under four minutes; but he works in seconds, not minutes, and great is his applause. Miss Duprez reminded me a little of Marie Lloyd, perhaps because of the shape of the mouth: a vivacious young lady, less shy than I, who told us a lot about her home life and her young man, and danced with immense energy; and her enjoyment in her performance seemed almost as great as that of her audience, which is saying much. By-the-bye, is Gretchen a Dutch name? I wanted to ask her, but was afraid of a public "back answer." Our young Artist says that it isn't, and I am merely ignorant. As for the rest of the programme, the people who did amazing things on the trapeze—the Four Boises, "human aeroplanes," and so on, I have not space to say anything, but only for a word concerning Miss Queenie Leighton, who "deputised"—a horrible word—for Victoria Monks, and sang a couple of songs quite cleverly, with a good deal of point.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: A FIXED STAR.



THE GREAT LITTLE TICH: CARICATURES AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



IN THE GREAT WORLD

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE ladies who sent the Bishop of London to Holloway may, in the light of his statement, wish that he had stayed there. But the fact that it was to him they made their appeal for an investigation does him no little honour. It is in the nature of militants, or rebels, to be suspicious of authority in all its forms. Helmets do not quell them, nor gaiters fill them with awe. They hear perjury on the tongues of policemen and see duplicity in the eyes of Cabinet Ministers. Despite a native hostility to Laws and Orders, they waited on the Bishop in the belief that he would be honest.

The Militant. To be honest, wholly and exactly, is not the easiest of the virtues for a ruler of a modern diocese. Clamours about ritual, vestments, genuflections, miracles, statues, candles, processions and confessions complicate the situation. A good pastor is for ever on his guard lest scandal be given. While one parish would have him appear in cope and mitre, another loves its bishop only when he is garbed in puritanical black and white. He learns the arts of conciliation; he is the shepherd of sheep that run in a hundred directions. But with his position declared, as it now is, the Bishop of London is out of the wood. He, in his own way, is a militant. His colours are flying: he leaves no one in any doubt about his views.

With Apologies— Though he would be the last person in the world to argue that Church discipline should be defied, he has not hesitated to score points against such persons as insist on the narrowest reading of its Anglican ordinances. There was, perhaps, a shade of apology in his tone when he made his famous plea for the practice of the Invocation of the Saints, but whether he felt apologetic to his congregation or to the Saints themselves has never been determined, and probably never will be. The occasion of his plea, it will be remembered, was his sermon at the Church Congress last October, and he mentioned that his views on the question had been influenced by his recent visit to Russia and conversations with priests of the Russian Church. He makes no secret of his personal preference for certain forms of devotion that have been denied to most English Churchmen for over three hundred years because they savoured too strongly of Rome.

In St. James's Square. As it happens, his Lordship's neighbour in St. James's Square is the leading Roman Catholic layman. The Papist Earl Marshal to his Britannic Majesty is as great an anomaly as the English Bishop who lives next door. In the England of some generations ago, both the Duke of Norfolk and Dr. Ingram would have been chased round the square, and out of it. That was when the Coronation Oath was spoken with zest, and when to disapprove it would have been high treason.

The See of Mysticism.

One generation alone suffices to mark a notable change in the Bishops of St. James's Square. The wave of mysticism now sweeping the country (and even the Sees are conscious of it) was a thing undreamed of by the Victorian ecclesiastics. Dr. Temple, for instance, knew nothing of it. He was never on the alert for miracles, and one story in particular illustrates his bluff working rule of life. "I had a nasty fall the other day," he told a friend, "and am still all stiff and sore, but (would you believe it?) there's nothing to show, absolutely nothing. Why, if one of my school-boys complained of being hurt at Rugby the first thing I would do was to ask him to strip and show the marks, and if there were no marks, I birched him."

Dr. Ingram, when he goes to Holloway, is hardly less practical; but more important than the practical man in him is the spiritual. How many of his predecessors in the last fifty years would have made anything of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven"? To Dr. Ingram that poem of aloof and rarefied religious experience affords matter for a sermon. In old days, Horace and Heber were the chosen poets of the cloth; the one for the study, the other for the pulpit. "Read Horace and ride to hounds" was Archdeacon Manning's advice to Englishmen troubled with spiritual cobwebs. But the more typical Anglican priest of to-day rides to none but heavenly hounds.

"Jump In." His Lordship of London, for all that, does not live in the clouds. He is a great worker, and a successful one, in the East End, where the airs are anything but paradisaical. As the Rural Dean of Spitalfields (such is the title!), he was immensely popular. "When any of you see me passing and want a lift, just stop the carriage and jump in," he once said to a group of working women, and though it is probable that neither they nor his coachmen took him entirely at his word, he had the knack of making such proposals without being told to "git about!"

A Figure of Romance.

Though he belongs to an episcopacy that for the moment seems to have set its heart

on celibacy, he is not definitely enamoured of that state. He belongs, rather, to a group of notable Englishmen who treasure a romance that has never been furthered. When he first knew Lady Ulrica Duncombe, she was inspired with his own enthusiasm for a life of work among the poor, but it is probable that the enthusiasm for such a life had cooled before she became the woman to whom George Meredith wrote the most impassioned letters of his later life. "I see Lady Ulrica has a heart of rock," wrote the novelist; and Fulham Palace is still without its lady. But it has a man whose energy and liberality are sufficient in themselves, a man whose career and principles mark him out as a great and complete figure in the ecclesiastical history of his time.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Right Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of London and Dean of the Chapels Royal since 1901, was born on January 26, 1858, fourth son of the Rev. E. Winnington Ingram, and is a bachelor. He was educated at Marlborough, and at Keble College, Oxford. After being a private tutor, he became curate at St. Mary's, Shrewsbury. Then, in turn, he was Private Chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, Head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, Chaplain to the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of St. Albans, Rector of Bethnal Green, Rural Dean of Spitalfields, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Bishop of Stepney. His recreations are golf, fives, and cycling.

BOBBING AND CURLING: MORE WINTER-SPORTERS.



1. MISS GLADYS COOPER AT THE WHEEL OF THE BOB "COMET," AT DIABLERETS.

2. MISS GLADYS COOPER ON A "BOBLET" AT DIABLERETS.

3. MISS GLADYS COOPER SNAPPED BY A SNAPPER AT DIABLERETS.

4. MR. H. GRIGGS (CAPT.), MRS. GRIGGS, MR. A. SIEVWRIGHT, AND MR. A. C. KINGHAM ON THE BOB "COMET," WINNER OF THE FULLER AND MAPPIN CUPS AT DIABLERETS.

5. SIR ROBERT BRUCE CURLING AT MÜRREN.

6. BRIGADIER-GENERAL HALDANE CURLING AT MÜRREN.

7. MR. A. C. CROOME CURLING AT MÜRREN.

Here are more of the inevitable snapshots of lucky people winter-sporting—would we were with them!—Miss Gladys Cooper (need we say in "The Sketch"?) is the well-known actress.—Sir Robert Bruce became Controller of the London Postal Service in 1905. He was knighted last year.—Brigadier-General James Haldane, C.B., D.S.O., has seen much active service; with the Waziristan Expedition, the Chitral Relief Force,

the Tirah Expedition, and in South Africa. Further, he has held such appointments as D.A.A.G. at Headquarters, Assistant General of Military Operations, and Military Attaché to the Japanese Army in the Russo-Japanese War. In 1912 he took over the command of the Tenth Infantry Brigade, Eastern Command.—Mr. Croome is well known as writer, critic, and curler.—[Photographs by Lumsden - Dubost and C.N.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

ALTHOUGH the King is not allowed to lay foundation-stones or open new gates with his own hand, save in so far as he does it by pressing an electric button, the loyal journalist does not hesitate to revive for his Majesty the most rough-and-ready of all royal nicknames. They doff their caps to a second Farmer George whenever his Majesty shows that he keeps a keen eye on the affairs of his Norfolk estate, and the ready pens of Fleet Street can hardly refrain from the same informal title even when his Majesty happens to show his understanding of a landlord's business, and his consideration for his tenants, in a region of brick and mortar! Fleet Street is off the track; a name happily enough applied to a bluff predecessor can never be properly or popularly applied to one whose figure is much more typical of the sea than of the land. It may be true that George V. has a farmer's knowledge of crops, or that he knows the joy of digging potatoes, but his trim bearing and spruce speech are too familiar to his subjects: "Farmer George" is not going to be a popular revival.

The Australian Vacancy.

The first name mentioned in connection with the filling of Lord Denman's place in Australia was Lord Chelmsford's. By the common consent of Pall Mall he was the man marked out for the appointment. Nor were the clubs very wide of the mark, for Lord Chelmsford is approved by Australia herself. He conforms to two of her ideals: he is a man, and a—Peer! Snobish is hardly the word for the typical Australasian; but the Colonial Office is kept fully alive to the fact that a coronet has its own value in the Antipodes. If there is any objection to the appointment of Lord Chelmsford it is that he has already established baronial halls in Queensland and New South Wales. The really gratifying thing to Australia is to be given some innocent noble who has still to be impressed with the vastness and resources of that continent.

Royal Addresses.

Lord Chelmsford's youngest daughter marks, in her own proper little person, the connection between her family and the Commonwealth: Sydney is one of her names. And when she and her father, or "The Guv'nor" (as he is often called in and out of the family circle), are not in Queensland, they offer a whole sequence of regal addresses to their bewildered acquaintances. Queensland, Queen's Gate Place, S.W., Old Queen Street, S.W., and King's Bench Walk (Lord Chelmsford is a barrister) were, at one time, all equally capable of being printed on the Thesiger note-paper. His Majesty's is, as a matter of course, the address of the only Thesiger in the "profession."

"Neldaughter." Despite the decreasing birth-rate, the christening problem remains. One baby is enough to perplex an entire home; the possibilities in such a case are more than ever overwhelming. But the difficulty of the moment for a naval Lieutenant and his wife is one of restrictions rather than of an endless range. Nelson is the household hero; and the new arrival, who is a girl, must be named accordingly. It has been suggested to them that a suitable variant to Horatio Nelson would be Horatia Neldaughter, to be written, after the fashion of Mary-girl, Nell-daughter.

The Invasion of Carlton House Terrace.

Mr. Balfour and the German Ambassador can hardly have failed to notice that the Stars and Stripes now fly in Carlton House Terrace. "A. J. B." and Prince Lichnowsky are more nearly concerned than most Terracastial tenants, for No. 21, recently taken by Mr. and Mrs. John Casserly (or captured, we should say, by their children) is the house that asserts its American independence. The flag is but a small affair, and is planted among the flower-pots on a high balcony, but it has fluttered finely enough in the west winds of the last week, and may well set an example to surrounding nurseries. The region is sufficiently cosmopolitan to afford quite a battle of colours.

Mr. Yeats's Pilgrimage.

Despite Mr. Chesterton's warning against New York—a sort of fog-signal from one who has never seen the light—America is receiving several particularly interesting visitors. Mr. Yeats has gone to lecture, and will have the time of his life in a country that takes him much more seriously than Mr. George Moore takes him in the current number of the *English Review*, and much more seriously than it takes Mr. George Moore. Mr. Yeats can hardly suffer as much from the publication of personalities in the States as he has from their publication in England. The interviewer will have no terrors for him after the indiscretions of his best friends at home. Just before he sailed he found himself sitting opposite another literary celebrity of whom he had said, long ago and in a private letter, that he was "a good example of a very silly clever man." That letter was published last year, needless to say without Mr. Yeats's permission, and the dinner-table encounter was largely devoted to explanations and forgiveness. Mr. George Moore has gone further. No wonder, it might be thought, that Mr. Yeats retires to America. But the magazines get there before him!



TO MARRY MR. CYRIL CAMERON ON FEB. 16: FORMERLY MISS ELEANOR TOLLEMACHE: MRS. HAYES MISS EDITH LAMB. SADLER.

Miss Lamb is the daughter of the late Mr. Richard Scott Lamb, of Benton, Northumberland, and of Mrs. Lamb, of Maudlins, Naas, Ireland. Mr. Cameron, of the Royal Field Artillery, is the son of Colonel Cameron, C.B., of Tasmania. The wedding will take place in Westminster Cathedral.—Mrs. Hayes Sadler is the elder daughter of Mr. Arthur F. C. Tollemache, heir to the Baronetcy held by the Earl of Dysart. Her wedding to Captain Hayes Sadler took place on Feb. 5.—[Photographs by Swaine and Hoppé.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CHARLES TRENCH TO-DAY (FEB. 11): MISS HELEN BROWN.

Miss Brown is the daughter of the late Mr. R. L. Brown, of O'Brien's Bridge, Co. Clare. Captain Trench is the eldest son of the Hon. Cosby Trench, of Sopwell Hall, Co. Tipperary, uncle of Lord Ashtown.—Mr. Ware, of Tilford House, Tilford, Farnham, was formerly Warden of the Trinity College, Cambridge, Mission in Camberwell. Miss Baker-Wilbraham is the second daughter of the late Sir George Baker-Wilbraham, Bt., of Rode Hall, Cheshire.—[Photographs by Lafayette and Langher.]



TO MARRY MISS HELEN BROWN TO-DAY (FEB. 11): CAPTAIN CHARLES S. M. TRENCH.



ENGAGED TO MISS MARGARET I. BAKER-WILBRAHAM: THE REV. MARTIN S. WARE.



ENGAGED TO THE REV. MARTIN S. WARE: MISS MARGARET I. BAKER-WILBRAHAM.



TO MARRY COMMANDER A. DUTTON ON FEB. 12: ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. C. MONTEITH: MISS MISS DORIEL HAY. JANE WILSON.

Miss Hay is the younger daughter of the late Sir John Hay, Bt., of Kings Meadows, Haystoun, Peebles, and of "Lola," Lady Hay, of Egerton Gardens. Commander Dutton, of H.M.S. "Beaver," is the youngest son of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Dutton, and of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Dutton, of Twigworth Lodge, Gloucester.—Miss Wilson is the elder daughter of Sir John Wilson, Bt., of Airdrie. Captain Monteith, of the Bedfordshire Regiment and Adjutant of the Glasgow University Officers' Training Corps, is the eldest son of the late Rev. John Monteith, of Glencairn, Dumfriesshire.

Photographs by Rita Martin and Swaine.

LYRIC "BARKERISM": "THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T" DOG SHOW.



1. MR. CHARLES RUFFS WITH HIS ROUGH-HAIRED FOX-TERRIER, PETER.
2. MR. CECIL WOODINGS WITH HIS FIELD-SPANIEL, JIM.
3. MR. C. H. WORKMAN WITH HIS TOY POM, PUFFY.
4. MISS WINSOME RUSSELL WITH HER LION PEKINESE, JOSIE.

The interest caused by the appearance of Miss Grace La Rue's Japanese spaniel, Yo San, in "The Girl Who Didn't," at the Lyric, where Miss La Rue appears as Hella Bruckner, led to a friendly rivalry in the matter of canine pets among members of the cast. This has resulted in the getting up of a "Girl Who Didn't" Dog Show, to be held shortly at the Lyric Theatre, which Mr. Philip Michael Faraday has lent

5. MISS GRACE LA RUE WITH HER JAPANESE SPANIEL, YO SAN.
6. MISS EVERALL SPAIN WITH HER SEALYHAM TERRIER, BESS THE BAD GIRL OF THE FAMILY.
7. MISS LORNA DELLA WITH MIKE.

for the occasion. There will be classes, among others, for Bull Dogs, Sealyham Terriers, Yorkshire Terriers, Japanese Spaniels, and Sporting Dogs, but the class likely to puzzle the judges most is that for "Mongrels and Also Rans." Mr. John Oborn, a well-known expert on Bull-Dogs and Dandy Dinmonts, is to be one of the judges. The Show will not be public, but by private invitation.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

MOST of us, I suppose, if we were asked how we would like to spend the next month, would answer that more than anything else we would like to spend it on the Riviera. And to the next question, "How would you choose to go?" we should reply immediately, "By motor-car from Calais." The first response has my unquestioning approval. Unless one has a definite interest in the way of painting or of architecture that demands satisfaction under Italian skies, then I am sure that for a short holiday at this grey time of the year some part of that wild and beautiful coast that stretches in almost unbroken glory from Toulon to Mentone offers greater, more vivid attractions than any other place that is within reach of London. But at the idea that one should go there in a motor-car I purse my lips. In the first place, it is too early in the year to get the best, or anything like the best, out of a journey down the length of France by road; and in the second (and how very strongly this applies to the man who has never been South before!), if you go in anything but the swiftest of cars, bent on beating the time of the fastest train, you lose, you miss, that wonderful sudden contrast between the gloomy, damp monotony of London and the pictorial, sun-bathed beauty of the South that will be yours with a little luck if you leave Paris overnight by rail and tuck yourself snugly away in sleeping-car or *salon-lit* and manage to remain oblivious to the passage of time and train until the hot sun creeping round the edges of the blinds calls you to the window, to the sight of azure sea, of flashing waves, of fields of carnations, of waving mimosa, of green sentry cypresses. No, go by train, and for choice go by a train that arrives at your destination at such a time that you can be called at some hour that gives you the sea. The plain which stretches from Toulon to St. Raphael has its own beauty, but it has not the strange, unexpected beauty that the Mediterranean shows always to the visitor from the cold North.

To go to bed on a Rivieran night train is, however, more than ordinarily expensive. The next best thing to do is to leave Paris in the early morning and to time your arrival long after darkness has fallen. Your first sight of the Mediterranean will be when in the morning you fling wide the shutters of your window. There, see! The sun has not so long risen; fishing-boats are on their way home,

boats with curious sails that one does not see in northern waters; and in the air is the scent of flowers: you look down—under the window is a bed of cherry-pie, and the gardener is spraying the emerald, deceptive lawn.

There are people who will tell you that they have no wish to visit the azure coast. They will assure you that if it was once beautiful its beauty is now lost under a thousand villas, that its hotels, its American bars, its pigeon-shooting, its myriad motor-cars have ruined its charm, destroyed for ever its syren glory. Trust them not; and yet, if you would heed them a little, do so by going to that unfashionable, almost unsoiled shore that stretches in one continual succession of headland, cove, and forest from Bormes-les-Mimosa to Cavalaire. So you will learn what all the Riviera was like when Smollett knew it—and, by the way, you can buy for a shilling his "Travels through France and Italy," in which the author of "Roderick Random" tells you how he reached the Riviera a hundred and fifty years ago.

You can accuse anything of vulgarity, even the Russian Ballet. Not every visitor to Monte Carlo watches the light changing on Mont Agel and thanks his Maker for the gifts of sight and colour. Some rush from bedroom to bank, from bank to Casino, from Casino to American bar—and so on through the day. For them beauty doesn't exist. But through how little of that exquisite hillside can you hear the noise of the pigeon-shooters, and how easy it is to find yourself in valleys and among almost untrodden mountains where even the sound of a motor-car will never penetrate.

It is a matter of sober fact that you can take your first breakfast in Monte Carlo surrounded by every necessary and unnecessary luxury that good, bad, and utterly perverted taste and ingenuity can contrive, and in less than a couple of hours you can be lost in the solitude of the hills, on mule-paths which have changed not at all since the Saracens ravished the coasts, amid vines and fields of stone. The peasant you may meet—and you are little likely to meet anyone else—will return your greeting. Does he know where you come from? Does he know aught of the world that is, as the crow flies, not perhaps three miles away? If you care for contrast, here is the second great contrast that a visit to the South will give you.



SOLD IN FRANCE—CAN IT BE TO M. DE ST. LIÈVRE (OTHERWISE GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO): LORD TWEEDMOUTH'S TOLSTOI, WINNER OF THE FONTENOY CUP OF THE GREYHOUND CLUB OF FRANCE.

Lord Tweedmouth's Tolstoi won the Fontenoy Cup of the Greyhound Club of France the other day, and its owner is said to have followed the example of other owners by selling his hounds after the event, rather than put them through the ordeal of the three months' quarantine entailed on dogs entering England from abroad. It is said, by the way, that some of the dogs were bought by Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio, who takes much interest in coursing, which he pursues under the name of "M. de St. Lièvre."—[Photograph by Record Press.]



GUARANTEED TO CAUSE WORSE ILLS THAN THE FIRST CANE OR BROWN-PAPER "SMOKE": PAINTING THE PALATE AND THROAT TO KILL THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

Chicago, trying to stop the cigarette habit among boys and men, has been testing a "cure," which consists of painting the throat and palate with a special solution. This gives a metallic taste in the mouth, which is accentuated by smoke. It is claimed that anyone thus "treated," feeling unable to smoke for some days, will never smoke again!—[Photograph by Photopress.]

After the Tango — What? Guides for the Next Dance Craze.



FROM ARGENTINA TO THE COTTON COUNTY: DANCES OF THE NATIONS: No. V.—THE SPINDLE WAKES
CLOG-CLOTTER—FRA LANCASHIRE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



RED-HOT TAPE. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"Mary had a Directoire gown,
The kind that's slit in half:
Who cares a — for Mary's lamb
When he can see her calf?"

"WHAT does the blank stand for?" asks Germaine, ever bent on reconnoitring in the dædals of the English language.

"Hum, I should say—a button.

Yes, decidedly a button—what better place for it than a skirt?"

"But then," muses Germaine, "is not there a foot too much?"

"A whole leg, my dear, a whole leg too much, if we are to believe the papers."

It seems that not everyone is of the same opinion as the poet above quoted. The *Daily News and Leader* relates that—

The town of Middleboro, Massachusetts, has taken action and defined exactly how high a woman's skirt may be slit without shocking beholders.

Mr. Swift, the Chief of Police, has laid it down that fifteen inches is the maximum amount of leg that can be decently shown, and he has accordingly appointed a squad of "slit-skirt censors." The duty of these officers, who are armed with two-foot rules, is to patrol the streets, and, if necessary, measure for themselves the slits in the skirts worn by fair residents of Middleboro. The women are, naturally, highly enraged over this intrusion of the mere male into the domain of feminine fashion, and many threats have been made as to the treatment the censors may expect. . . . The officers themselves are greatly embarrassed over their new duties, but Chief of Police Swift declares that the regulations shall be enforced.

How, now, are we to judge whether Mr. Swift's decision is as justified as it is tyrannical—we who have not seen the legs of the Middleboro ladies? Were I Chief of Police, or Autocrat, or Minister of Arts—terms that can often be used for one another, can they not?—were I any of these in Italy, I would decree that all the Italian ladies should wear long trailing skirts falling in ample folds over their legs, and that because the Italian ladies have no legs. It sounds like an Irish bull and a Spanish law of etiquette. It is both; but at the same time, alas! a sad truth. Italian ladies have beautiful eyes and beautiful teeth, but they do look as if they were sitting on their heels! Perhaps the Middleboro citizenesses also walk about on two short pillars? In that case "buttons," buttons by all means, buttons in full array, and to Mr. Swift—the order of the garter!

But, on the other hand, it is possible that the female subjects of Mr. Swift rejoice

in well-turned, well-proportioned, well-stockinged—in a word, pair-less legs. In that case, Mr. Swift has not a leg to stand upon! There are sometimes reasons and excuses for tyranny, but for *lèse-beauty* there are none. A beautiful ankle is a thing of joy for the eyes that rest upon it—let those eyes be many and satisfied. Strange world, *mes amis*, that at this time, when Turkey sheds her yashmak, America

should fasten down her skirt! Yet how much greater the lure of the lips than that of the legs! Fifteen inches, forsooth! Know, then, that decency is immeasurable! "Thus far and no farther." Someone said this before, O Mr. Swift, and was not obeyed. Yet easier is it to dam the waves than—woman's whims.

How is the new law to be put into execution? Among whom are the officers to be recruited? Couturiers, heroes, Greek gods? They will certainly require the nimble fingers of the fitter, and no small courage. It is less awful to tackle an Apache than to tack two seams together on the skirt of an unwilling Amazon! Poor Knights of the Yard-Stick! It is so hateful to civilised man to play the bully, and a bully on all-fours is a sorrier bully still!

We are not told the motive behind these antics, and so I, benevolently inclined, like to suppose they are performed in the name of decency. Decency is one of the beautifullest of virtues—it is the offspring of those two exquisite qualities, delicacy and reticence. But decency is seldom understood. It is not merely negative, but very active indeed. It consists in hiding, transforming, doing away with the ugly, and emphasising the beautiful, wherever, whenever, and whatever the beautiful is. That women should have to hide

shapely legs in the name of decency, while inebriates are allowed to parade their red noses in sight of all, is vastly illogical. The only point at law is not whether to slit, but when to slit and when not to slit, to solve which

it is not the skirt, but the leg, that has to be measured! It is not a yard-stick but a measuring-tape that is needed.

A regulation such as this would add not a little to the gaiety of Middleboro, which, somehow, I do not imagine a town of the most frivolous. But if the profession of skirt-measurer has its dangers, what shall be said of that of the leg-measurer? In comparison, even looping the loop does not seem such a giddy business! And what is to be done for the poor wives of the fortunate officers who succumb during the exercise of their functions, and fall—at women's feet?



WINNER OF THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP FOR ARTISTIC SKATING, AT ST. MORITZ: Mlle. OPIKA, OF BUDAPEST.

Photograph by C.N.



THE AMATEUR INTERNATIONAL SKATING COMPETITION AT ST. MORITZ: A COUPLE GIVING A DISPLAY OF ARTISTIC SKATING.

The Skating Association of St. Moritz having joined the International Skating Federation, the Amateur International Skating Competition was held the other day at St. Moritz. Included in the events were the International Federation Championships for Ladies and Couples. The Ladies' Championship for artistic skating was won by Mlle. Opika, of Budapest. Mrs. J. A. Johnson, of the Figure-Skating Club, was third. The Championship for Artistic Skating by couples was won by M. and Mme. Jacobsson, of Helsingfors.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

LEG - MUFFS FOR NUTS!



THE URCHIN (*preparing to bolt*): If yer please, Sir, yer stockin's comin' down over yer shoes.

DRAWN BY E. H. SHEPARD.



THE FLOWERING PHRASE: WORDS—AND MEANINGS—CHINESE.*

Flowering Phrases. The phrase flowered bravely in old Peking. Fine-sounding titles flourished as they came from the lips or were seen in flowingly written manuscript—Son of Heaven; the Palace of Whirring Phoenixes, Celestial Purity, Feminine Tranquillity, Motherly Peace and Motherly Blessing, and Benevolent Old Age; the Halls of Imperial Longevity, Mind Nurture, and Perfect Rectitude and Enlightenment; the Gates of Heaven's Grace, Obedience to Heaven, Divine Military Prowess; the Garden of Universal Joy; the Pavilion of Charity Made Manifest; the Temple of Ancestors. Did they mean much, these picturesque sounds? Little in reality, many of them.

A Reverent "Send-off"; and "Indignant Wrath" in Hades. When, in 1858, the Grand Secretary, Po Sui, was condemned to death by Hsien Feng, the decree, after saying that the law must take its course, read: "At this point We pause and the tears flow down Our cheeks. In accordance with the advice of my Princes and Ministers, We command that Po Sui be summarily decapitated . . ." Even the headsman knew the method! He came forward and fell on one knee, saying: "'If your Excellency the Grand Secretary will be pleased to kneel down, I will give you a reverent send-off to the next world.' Po Sui did so, and the executioner, with knee bent in respect, deftly cut off his head at the first stroke." Those about to die, too, could give the last salute, the last word of contempt or hate or warning, with dignity. Ho Shen, the over-wealthy, ordered by Chia Ch'ing to commit suicide, in 1799, listened, kneeling, to the long decree. "On its conclusion, he said: 'His Majesty is most gracious; I thank him for his clemency.' Then, after kotowing in the direction of the Palace, he addressed his son and Fu Ch'ang-an. To the latter he said: 'We two have served our old master together; it is in accordance with ancient practice that the Minister shall follow his lord to the Nine Springs. I shall now attend his sainted Majesty, as of old, and receive his wise counsel. The present Emperor has loyal servants about him, and is well rid of men such as you and I.' Then he mounted the daïs and hanged himself, tying the noose without assistance. His last words were: 'His late Majesty will feel indignant wrath in the Halls of Hades.'"

The Difficulties of Understanding. From such things, as the authors point out, it is always evident to those who know that it is more than difficult for the man of the West to realise the workings of the mind of the man of the East, to understand that under the youngest of Young Chinamen there is much of the oldest of Old Chinamen. As they have it excellently: "Until we understand something of the mainsprings of thought and action which determine the governance and daily life of a people—something of their atavistic memories and instincts, of their social,

deeply buried foundations of their philosophy and civilisation, it is necessary to look at things from their point of view, to hear them speaking amongst themselves of many things which the West has forgotten, but which are still part of the very soul of the East."

George III. as "Barbarian" Ruler.

Think of those still, under modern conditions, fighting with something of that very soul, remembering that as recently as the reign of George III. the ruler of China was not at all impressed by the advances of the ruler of the barbarians of England, and could write to their King: "I have perused your memorial: the earnest terms in which it is couched reveal a respectful humility



WHAT BOOTS IT IF WOMAN WISHES IT? A STRANGE MIXTURE OF THE ANCIENT SANDAL AND THE MODERN HIGH-HEELED SHOE.

It will be noted that these "sandals" have high heels.—[Photograph by Delius.]

on your part, which is highly praiseworthy. . . . As to your entreaty to send one of your nationals to be accredited to my Celestial Court and be in control of your country's trade with China, this request is contrary to all usage of my dynasty and cannot possibly be entertained. . . . If you assert that your reverence for Our Celestial dynasty fills you with a desire to acquire our civilisation, our ceremonies and code of laws differ so completely from your own that, even if your Envoy were able to acquire the rudiments of our civilisation, you could not possibly transplant our manners and customs to your alien soil. . . . Swaying the wide world, I have but one aim in view—namely, to maintain a perfect governance and to fulfil the duties of the State. . . . It behoves you, O King,

to respect my sentiments and to display even greater devotion and loyalty in future, so that, by perpetual submission to Our Throne, you may secure peace and prosperity for your country hereafter. . . . I confer upon you, O King, valuable presents in excess of the number usually bestowed on such occasions. . . . Do you reverently receive them and take note of my tender goodwill towards you! A special mandate." Another mandate concluded: "If, after the receipt of this explicit decree, you lightly give ear to the representations of your subordinates and allow your barbarian merchants to proceed to Chêkiang and Tientsin, with the object of landing and trading there. . . your merchants will assuredly never be permitted to and or to reside there, but will be subject to instant expulsion. In that event your barbarian merchants will have had a long journey for nothing. Do not say that you were not warned

in due time! Tremblingly obey, and show no negligence!" Those phrases, too, have come to mean little—in effect; but the word "barbarian" is still known in China. Let us remember! It is not always wise to say, with certain of the Chinese of old: "If this dynasty's star has waned, let us hitch our fortunes on to its successor!"—For the rest, a hearty recommendation of a really valuable, and always engrossing, book.



WORSHIPPERS OF "PARSIFAL" AT THE GALLERY-DOOR: SOME OF THE QUEUE OF ENTHUSIASTS WHO WAITED OUTSIDE COVENT GARDEN FROM HALF-PAST FOUR IN THE MORNING FOR THE PERFORMANCE AT FIVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT!

The first presentation of Wagner's "Parsifal" in England took place at Covent Garden on Monday of last week.

Photograph by L.N.A.

religious, and economic systems—it is not possible to sympathise with them in their perils and crises of change, or to render them the assistance which appreciation of their motives and intelligent anticipation of their needs might supply. And to see the Chinese world steadily and see it whole, to trace cause and effect back to the

* "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking." (From the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century.) By E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 16s. net.)

PARDUS TREMENS



THE FESTIVE ONE (to total stranger): Shcuse me, Sir, but can you see that too?

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETR.



BREACH OF PROMISE: A MODERN FABLE.

By RICHARD PINK.

MR. GEORGE KETURAH STROMBERG came to London for the express purpose of surprising its somnolent inhabitants.

Armed with an inexhaustible cheque-book, an American accent, and a squat, diamond-strewed figure, he felt that there should be no difficulty in attaining his object.

But London apparently thought otherwise, and even his Ambassador, previously warned by the powers that be in Washington, showed decided diffidence in presenting George Keturah to the rarefied atmosphere of the "hupper suckles."

It may have been George's habit of drinking soup with a noise that drowned even the loudest conversation, or it may have been his determination to retain the dress and customs of the Wild and Woolly West, but the undoubted fact remains that George was not a social success.

Consequently, he grew morose, and was not even cheered by the fact that the hall-porter and all the waiters at his hotel invariably rubbed their noses in the dust and squirmed with delight whenever he addressed them, taking good care, however, to keep one palm well extended for the necessary reward.

George's conviction that London was a one-horse show became even more deeply rooted, but with it came an overmastering desire to succeed in spite of everything, and to make himself the lion of a London season.

His business instincts soon showed him a way, and in a short time he was delightfully surprised to discover how popular a little finesse could make him.

Penniless Peers, down-trodden Dukes, victimised Viscounts, and broken Baronets slapped him heartily on the shoulder, took him to their clubs, and told him he was a jolly good sort.

Mr. Stromberg's delight in his success was modified by the fact that it had proved an even more expensive matter than he had expected. He discovered that, whilst Baronets were cheap and plentiful, they were merely outsiders; and Dukes, on the other hand, were not only scarce, but also, as a rule, sufficiently well off to struggle along without his help.

Indeed, it was only with the greatest difficulty and lavish expenditure that he finally succeeded in persuading the bankrupt Duke of Kensington to walk three times up and down Bond Street arm-in-arm with him, and to recite loudly "I'm so glad to have met you, old chap," at each street-corner. Having done which, and borrowed a further half-crown, the Duke retired hastily to cash the cheque, leaving the distressful and disconsolate George in the exact centre of Piccadilly Circus.

After this episode Mr. Stromberg came to the conclusion that the only possible method of consolidating his position was to purchase a suitably blue-blooded bride.

An advertisement in the "Personal" column of a morning paper produced, without further trouble, an impecunious Peeress, who undertook the work joyfully at her own price.

The result was that, three weeks later, George was introduced to his selected bride-to-be.

The lady did not display any enthusiasm, which somewhat astonished George Keturah; but, on the other hand, her father, a moneyless Marquess, received his prospective son-in-law with an all-embracing delight. He called him "dear boy," borrowed a couple of thousand on account, and retired immediately to Monte Carlo to recoup his shattered fortunes, leaving his wife and daughter with the love-offering of a ten-pound note to keep them going till his return from breaking the bank.

Lady Aircastle received the ten-pound note with gratitude, and her husband's assurances of "Success at last!" with great doubt, which annoyed the Marquess, but which was undoubtedly warranted by the fact that on three occasions her lord and master had set out on precisely similar errands, and had returned home by the simple method of concealing himself under one of the carriages of the Sud Express.

On this occasion things were no better, but a wire of entreaty to George Keturah immediately brought forth further funds, and the noble Marquess, much relieved, returned once more to the tables,

after redeeming his coronet and Ingersoll watch from the nearest Mont de Piété.

When, however, this procedure had been repeated successfully and accurately no fewer than five times, the long-suffering George Keturah struck, and refused to advance another penny, with the result that, in spite of piteous—and, later, threatening—wires, the noble Marquess was obliged to leave his luggage at the hotel in security for the rent of his room, and to purchase a return ticket with the proceeds of some silver spoons which he had surreptitiously removed from the grill-room.

A subsequent interview with his prospective son-in-law left him with no satisfaction, for George met his threats with the announcement that, if the noble Marquess now found it inconvenient for him to marry his daughter, he, George Keturah, would be forced to place the brokers in possession of Aircastle House.

This threat did not carry very much weight with the Marquess, who airily explained that he could not remember a time when the brokers had not been there. But when George Keturah, with absolute lack of breeding, added that he proposed to take proceedings against the noble Marquess for obtaining credit without revealing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt, Lord Aircastle, with vivid memories of the six months' hard he had done on a previous occasion for a similar offence, gave in and acknowledged himself beaten.

George Keturah thereupon offered to give the noble Peer a pension of ten shillings a week until such time as he became entitled to benefits under the Old Age Pensions Act, and then, happily triumphant, remembered for the first time that he had not yet actually put the fateful question to the Lady Claire.

This was, of course, a mere matter of form, but Mr. Stromberg decided that, under the circumstances, he could afford to be magnanimous.

To his intense surprise and mortification, Lady Claire announced that this was the very first she had heard of the matter, and that, if it came to the question of either marrying him or being eaten by cannibals, she would infinitely prefer the latter alternative.

George Keturah was naturally shocked, and retired promptly for reinforcements, which arrived in the person of Lady Claire's mother, and, later on, of her father, who, having been rescued from the private bar of the Cabman's Arms and reduced to a state of comparative sobriety with castor-oil and three very strong cups of coffee, joined warmly in the argument, under the firm conviction that his wife and daughter were engaged in a wordy conference on Home Rule.

In the joy of battle he became quite animated, and, although his remarks were hardly helpful to the matter in hand, his presence had the desired effect.

Lady Claire tearfully gave in, and promised to send Mr. Stromberg his answer that night.

Then she shed a few soft tears for the memory of a certain Younger Son, who possessed nothing but an engaging smile, an assortment of debts, and a passionate adoration of herself.

Finally she sat down with the full realisation of her own innate heroism and commenced the letter which was to make Mr. Stromberg a happy man. When completed, the epistle was somewhat tear and blot marked, but it was none the less to the point—

"DEAR MR. STROMBERG" (it ran)—"I shall have much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation of the 20th instant. I prefer opals for an engagement-ring, and should be glad if you would send me, by return, that set of ermines in the window of Cecile's shop in Bond Street. They are quite cheap; only two thousand guineas.—

"Yours faithfully, CLAIRE AIRCASTLE."

She gazed in admiration at her handiwork, folded it and placed it in an envelope, rang the bell, and, having borrowed a penny stamp from the upper housemaid, ordered that lady to post it.

[Continued overleaf.]

GOOD DEEDS AND ILL WEEDS



THE SYMPATHISER (to fellow-scout in distress): Hullo, Smith, what's the matter?

SMITH (faintly): Just done my good deed for to-day. Took cigar from a beastly little kid.

DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.



THE DISGUSTED GOLFER: Have you ever seen such rotten play?

THE WEARY CADDIE (who has carried three days for only his bare wage): No, Sir, but I've read o' it in the comic papers.

DRAWN BY MORGAN RENDLE.

Exactly thirty seconds later the vision of the Younger Son rose before her; his beautiful white set of false teeth became even more fascinating than before; his perfect mastery of the Double-Boston and the Turkey Trot seared her heart; and, finally, the sudden recollection of the poem he had addressed to her, commencing—

Claire, Claire, Claire,
You've a lovely head of hair!

smote her with a keener pang than ever. The sacrifice was too much.

Even if she were to be forced into a workhouse marriage, and only allowed to see her husband from the men's ward on Saturday afternoons, she must marry the Younger Son and not Mr. George Keturah Stromberg.

The decision braced her to instant action. With a murmur of "Father will easily get a job as a bookmaker's assistant," to still her uneasy conscience, she sped down the stairs and rushed in the wake of the upper housemaid.

A hundred yards further down the street she espied her hand-maiden playing "Touch-last" with the policeman.

"The letter?" she gasped, holding out her hands imploringly.

The astonished upper housemaid shook her head.

"Hi 'ave posted hit, my Lady," she announced.

"Where? Where?" cried her mistress, seizing her firmly by the arm and dragging her down the road.

Parkins, remembering her dignity as a housemaid, and the fact that she was only retaining her present position in the hope that within the next year or two she might possibly receive some small sum on account of the wages due to her, released herself from Lady Claire's grasp and set off at a rapid speed for the pillar-box.

"In there," she said, pointing to the scarlet monstrosity

Lady Claire started back with white lips—she was too late! Her word was given!

Then a thought marvellous in its ingenuity shot through her brain. In her pocket was a small bottle of nitric acid, which she had purchased on credit to remove an obstinate wart from the tip of her father's aristocratic nose.

"Thank heaven!" she cried, as, having searched for and found the bottle in some mysterious spot in her costume, she withdrew the cork and emptied its entire contents into the pillar-box.

"Saved!" she whispered hoarsely.

"Cepped, I should say!" remarked a cheerful voice behind her. "You come erlonger me!"

Lady Claire started round, and found herself firmly held by a gentleman in a tweed suit. There was no need for her to question his authority: one glance at his boots told her the worst—she had been arrested by a plain-clothes policeman.

"Wha—what have I done?" she demanded hoarsely.

"Sufferingette!" replied the direct descendant of Sherlock Holmes. "An' it ain't your fault as the box were cleared just afore you come hup."

Lady Claire's charming face turned whiter than ever, and even became slightly tinged with green.

"Cleared?" she screamed. "Cleared? Then my letter must have gone, after all!"

She threw her arms wildly around her captor's neck and subsided into tears, with the direct result that that worthy gentleman was compelled to carry ten stone eight of the oldest nobility a full mile and a half to the nearest police-station.

Arrived there, Lady Claire, quite beyond speech, was, after certain preliminaries, escorted to a simple boudoir decorated mainly in white and deal, and there left to herself with the comforting promise of getting "six months for this."

Meanwhile, the dignified Parkins, having arrived at Aircastle House at a speed which she had never beaten even in the days of her youth, was so overcome by the horror of the situation that Lady Aircastle dismissed her on the spot for insobriety, and packed her, in spite of threats and screams for her wages, into an ancient four-wheeler, with orders to the driver to tie the cab round her neck and throw her in the river.

The next morning, however, Lady Aircastle discovered that Parkins's story had been all too true. The morning papers rang with the horrible story. Claire's identity had been discovered, and when, later, she appeared before the magistrate, he sentenced her, as a dangerous Suffragette, to six months in the Second Division.

The evening journals, suffering from an unfortunate dearth of murders and sudden death, honoured Lady Claire by placing her name in large letters upon their bills.

This was the last straw.

Mr. Stromberg might have borne with equanimity the veiled references of the penny morning papers, but he felt that this prominence in the "Hextry speshuls" was too much, and would undoubtedly debar Lady Claire from re-entering decent society.

With a heavy heart, he dictated a short note to his secretary, which declared that, whilst he felt duly honoured by Lady Claire Aircastle's consent to marry him, he considered that circumstances

had now placed the matter out of the question, and he hoped that she would buy herself a suitable memento with the enclosed five-pound note.

Then he smiled happily, remembering the distinct hint that had lately been thrown out to him that the Duke of Kensington was himself looking for a suitable mate for his somewhat elderly, but none the less desirable, younger daughter.

Consequently when, three days later, Lady Claire, having by the combined effects of explanation and influence succeeded in obtaining her release, received George Keturah's heart-breaking epistle, she first breathed a sigh of distinct relief, and then became decidedly angry at thus being coolly turned down by a mere commoner, and a Yankee at that.

At length, however, having decided that five-pound notes were certainly intended to be spent, she invited the Younger Son to lunch at the Carlton with her, and there, over the coffee and liqueurs, told him her tale of woe.

"Wait!" said the Younger Son, as she finished her story. "There may be something in this."

Pondering deeply, he sat silent for fully ten minutes. Then, rising to his feet with a shout of triumph, and having carefully upset his coffee down the back of the dowager who graced the next table, he embraced Lady Claire warmly and rushed her off in a taxi to his solicitors.

This interview with the men of law concluded, he and Lady Claire returned home in style on the top of a 'bus, and held hands whilst they chuckled. Indeed, they might have continued their journey all the way to Richmond had not the conductor insisted, most impolitely, upon receiving his fare. This caused them to descend immediately, for it was only at that moment that they remembered paying away their last shilling to an indignant taximan, whose "clock" registered one-and-twopence.

Still, they chuckled contentedly, and waited for events to shape themselves.

A week later, the *Times* announced that "a wedding had been arranged, and would shortly take place, between Lady Arabella Prendergast Spratt, younger daughter of the Duke of Kensington, and Mr. George Keturah Stromberg, late of Chicago, and now of the Splendacious Hotel, London."

George Keturah, reading the notice as he took his morning tea in bed, smiled happily on all the world. He realised that in the future, as the son-in-law of the Duke, few houses would dare to say him nay.

A moment later his delightful reverie was interrupted. A waiter appeared and announced, in the best Soho, that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Stromberg at once.

"Show him in," cried George Keturah heartily; "every man's my friend this morning."

He threw the waiter a cigar as a mark of esteem and regard, and settled himself comfortably to receive his visitor.

"Come in! Come in!" he cried, as a knock sounded on the door.

A small clean-shaven man with side-whiskers accepted his invitation diffidently.

"I represent Higgins and Bottlethwaite, Solicitors," he remarked nervously.

"Splendid!" said George Keturah heartily; "I always did like lawyers."

He laughed heartily at his own pleasantry.

"Let me order a bottle of champagne for you," he went on.

The lawyer's clerk declined, and, instead, presented George Keturah with a blue paper.

"Service of writ!" he explained tersely; "Lady Claire Aircastle versus yourself. Breach of promise."

Mr. Stromberg started out of bed with a bound.

"What?" he shouted. "Give me that paper!"

He read it hurriedly. It was only too true and too horrible. This wretched girl proposed to take him into the Law Courts just at the moment when he had become engaged in another and far more aristocratic direction. It would ruin him.

Seizing the little man by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his nether-garments, he flung him from the room.

A rapid telephone message to the best procurable solicitors, and a hurried interview, showed him the utter hopelessness of his position, and finally, alternately swearing vengeance and consuming cocktails, he ordered his men of law to see to the necessary negotiations.

Ten days later Lady Claire Aircastle received a comfortable little cheque for one hundred thousand pounds, and, having dispatched her father and mother to a small but select boarding-house in Buxton, where she agreed to pay twenty-five shillings a week for their upkeep, and to allow them the combined sum of one pound per month for pocket-money, made preparations for her immediate marriage to the Younger Son.

The soprano from Covent Garden sang "What Are Riches Without Love?" very beautifully at the wedding reception, and the presents were numerous and costly.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

THE RECIPROCITY QUESTION: THE "CIRCLE" SOLUTION: SOCIETIES WITHOUT COURSES.

Circles of Golf Clubs.

About the most practical consideration that has arisen from the suggestion made by Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., to which I referred last week, about the need for a better understanding as to terms and privileges of temporary membership and other such points in the working of the system of the community of golf, is one by which "Circles" of golf clubs may be established with reciprocal privileges. There might be half-a-dozen or any larger number of clubs

in a Circle—one in London, perhaps, one in Manchester, another in Birmingham, a fourth in Glasgow, a fifth in Edinburgh, and so forth. This clearly would be a Circle of a somewhat industrial or professional complexion, and the clubs would choose themselves for it accordingly. So circles of different characters would be constituted, and there would inevitably be the proper agreeable mixture between the seaside, country, and city elements, because it is from such a mixture that the best advantages of the community system may be obtained. On the establishment of a Circle, the members of each club in it will have the privilege without introduction or formality of any kind of playing over the course of any other club in the Circle at a special green fee of a more or less nominal character—say, half-a-crown a day. Such a simplicity and certainty of arrangement would

playing on a public common to walk about Sandwich as if they owned the place, and it is by such considerations as this that the limitations of the community system are to be understood and accepted. A proposal of classifying all the clubs in the country into three groups—first, second, and third—according to quality of course and status, and then separating the clubs again into districts, so that the members of clubs of one group (A, B, or C) in one district should have reciprocal rights and privileges with clubs of the corresponding group in other districts, has been put forward; but it seems to many people that an elaborate organisation might be needed for such an arrangement, and that is to be avoided. One of the beauties of the Circle idea is the ease with which it is put into operation. A dozen letters a dozen replies, and the thing is done; and there are no meetings of committees to be held, or annual reports to be made, or anything of that sort.

Golf Society Matters.

Matters of this kind inevitably suggest the consideration that some definite system of action on the part of golf societies (clubs without courses, which is what they amount to) and the attitude of clubs towards them should be agreed upon; and such an idea becomes the more pressing as we realise the simply enormous number of such societies that are now in existence, and the extraordinary permutations and combinations that are effected in the formation of new ones. Five years ago it seemed that we had reached the limit in the inventiveness of the people who liked the golf-society idea (which is really peculiarly splendid in its social and pleasure advantages), but there are probably four times as many in existence now as there were then, and new ones are being made every week. The most recent one of consequence is the new Irish Golfing Society, which has Sir Thomas D. Pile as president and Mr. Larry Manogue as hon. secretary, and has all the elements of success in its constitution and composition. Not long since a Swedish Golfing Society was established in London, and for a long time past the American Golfing Society (which has made an arrangement of itself for regular play at Bramshot, just as the George Edwardes Golfing Society, for actors, has done at Bushey Hall) has been a great success. Serious problems have risen in regard to these societies: some generally understood rules for the working of their own competitions, particularly in the matter of handicaps, are needed; while it does need to be properly realised by all new societies that it simply will not do to cadge for free days on good courses, as is their frequent custom.

HENRY LEACH.



WINNER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, 1914: MR. G. FOTHERINGHAM.

The championship was decided on the links of the Royal Cape Golf Club at Wynberg, a club founded by the resident military men at the Cape. The course has been called the best in South Africa. It has grass greens.

Photograph by Keyzer.

be very agreeable to those who have had worries in such matters, for there can be no doubt that, while the general principle of the community idea as we have it is splendid, and does nearly everything for the popularity of the game, enabling players to get their golf on strange courses everywhere, it is very aggravating in some of its details, as the King's Counsel who is such a keen golfer has urged with so much good suggestion. If we had those Circles, every man belonging to one of the clubs would virtually be a visiting member of all of them. As many Circles could be made as it pleased the clubs to make; there need be absolutely no organisation or secretarial fuss, for presentation of a membership card would be sufficient at a club visited, and real benefit would be certain from such an arrangement.

About Green Fees. Fairness is best secured by a reasonable green fee rather than by total abolition. At different times there has been much talk about the standardisation of green fees, and this is the ultimate ideal, perhaps, of the people who advocate the extension and perfection of the community principle; but there are great difficulties of circumstance in the way. Qualities of courses vary so much, and there is such difference in their social attitudes and exclusivenesses, and in their membership and other costs. You could hardly permit the members of an artisan club



PRESENTER OF FORTY-THREE CATS—CHINA AND FOR LUCK—TO HER FATHER: MISS BETTY HICKS, DAUGHTER OF MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AND MRS. HICKS (MISS ELLALINE TERRISS), AS GOLFER.

Miss Betty presented her father with the forty-three cats—one for each year of his life—that he might have luck with "Broadway Jones" at the Prince of Wales's.

Photograph by Corbett.



MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AT THE COLISEUM: A NEW REVUE AND AN OLD ONE.

IN celebration of their return to the Coliseum, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier have produced a comedy-sketch by Mr. E. Temple Thurston. It is entitled "The Eleventh Hour" and, without any claims to effulgent genius, may safely be said to serve its purpose excellently well. At the opening we are introduced to the flat of Mrs. Haslett, a lady who is awaiting a divorce from her husband. The occupants of the flat are her servant, who is about to depart for the night, and a man, who during her temporary absence unfasts the window. On their departure enters Mrs. Haslett, who has apparently tired somewhat of her lonely life and has invited her husband on a secret visit. After they have conversed a while on things indiscriminate by the fireside, a noise is heard at the window, and the burglar enters, only to be seized upon with a patent grip by Mr. Haslett and forcibly ejected. Almost immediately afterwards there is a knock at the door, and the lady admits Constable X 09, who has seen the would-be burglar's descent. Mr. Haslett, concealing his identity as his wife's husband, contrives to dismiss the intruder, and after some talk succeeds in making it up with his wife, which has been his main intention all along. There is nothing especially epoch-making about the sketch, but it serves its purpose very well and keeps the audience amused and interested throughout. Mr. Arthur Bouchier is gaily at home and is a certain winner from the word "go"; while Miss Violet Vanbrugh, in a charming costume, is completely happy and at ease. The parts of the servant and the would-be burglar are more than satisfactorily played. Mr. Temple Thurston has provided the performers with parts that suit them admirably and succeeds in making the audience laugh quite a lot with his dialogue. The fact that they can fairly well discern what is to happen from the very start does little to diminish the interest taken in the little piece, or in the enjoyment it evokes in its working-out, and consequently it may be accounted completely successful.

Another Revue.

I found a crowded house awaiting the production of yet another revue at the Victoria Palace. This house, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Butt, is doing amazingly well, and it was no matter for surprise that it should fall in with the fashion of the day and provide the latest form of entertainment for the amusement of its patrons. The new piece is called "A Year in an Hour," and can

boast of three authors and a composer. It represents five seasons—the four ordinary ones, with the addition of the Football Season, and affords entertainment of the varied sort that the revue insists

on providing. It is staged by Mr. Gus. Sohlke, who was the person responsible for the production of "Come Over Here" at the London Opera House; he has done his work admirably, taking us at one moment to Hyde Park and a quiet spot up the river, and at the next to the North Pole. The performance is conducted on orthodox revue lines, and the cast includes Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, a *compère* and *commère* who are in search of peace and quiet, and, very

naturally, secure little of either commodity. The whole show is carried through with highly infectious gaiety and gusto. It would be idle to attempt to give anything of a description of its component parts, but suffice it to say that there is hardly a dull moment in it, and that it succeeds in keeping its hearers thoroughly awake to its melodies and to its humours. But it would be impossible to ignore the services rendered to the production by Mr. James W. Tate, the composer. This genial person enters into the "spirit of the thing" with astonishing *bonhomie* and fun, and contributes materially to its humours. His melodies are good, but his unique system of conducting renders them at times excruciatingly funny. It is casting no aspersion on an excellent company to say that Mr. Tate is very largely responsible for the success of the latest example of the revue. He is intensely mirth-provoking, and is sincerely to be congratulated both upon his humour and his music. This week the revue is at the London Palladium.



EXCELLENT IN "BROADWAY JONES": MR. HARRY LAURI AS SAM SPOTSWOOD, THE BOY WHO DOESN'T SEE WHY HE SHOULD NOT BECOME A GREAT MAN.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

The French Revue. I felt that the announcement of a new arrival in Mme. B. Rasimi's latest Revue de Ba-ta-clan, "Cachez Ça!" made another visit obligatory upon me, for I had expressed a depreciatory opinion of the piece when it was produced, and

I thought it was only fair to see whether that opinion was wrong. Seeing, therefore, that its attractions were to be increased by the presence of "the most beautiful woman of Paris," Mlle. Fernande

Diamant, I wended my way to the New Middlesex inspired by the feeling that I was going to see something ravishingly fair as well as talented. I found the piece but little altered. The most beautiful woman of Paris did not appear until the ballet which prefaces the interval, when Mlle. Diamant came on and danced in the Twelfth Tableau, which represents the scene of "La Belle au Bois Dormant." I must frankly confess at once that I was disappointed. The lady wears very

little to speak of, and, like most of her *consœurs*, she is not very well made up. However, so long as the show proves attractive, it is idle to say anything in particular against it.

ROVER.



"A YEAR IN AN HOUR"—AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM: THE FOOTBALL SEASON SCENE.

This scene was designed by Mr. Tony Sarg, the well-known comic artist, with whose work "Sketch" readers are familiar.

Photograph by Hana.



THE POLICY OF THE R.A.C., SOCIAL AND POLITICAL: ENTRIES FOR THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX.

R.A.C. Junketings. It would almost seem as if the Royal Automobile Club's palatial premises in Pall Mall will soon be as lively as a music-hall—if, indeed, that consummation has not already been attained. What with Tango teas and Tango suppers, with juggling turns thrown in, and various other attractions, the place bids fair to differ only from a music-hall in the fact that these lively entertainments are not open to the man in the street. At the same time, they are available to guests, including ladies, introduced by members and apparently without limit. The object of this campaign of joviality is said to be the hope of securing a membership of ten thousand; but it is at least open to question as to whether the resources of the Club are equal to so formidable a total, for, even as it is, the members' dining-room is inconveniently crowded. That, however, is a question for the members themselves to discuss, and the management of the Club as a social organisation would not concern the public at all but for the open way in which attempts are now being made to cater by means of the entertainments above named for strangers generally, provided only they are able to induce members to take them in.

The Motorist's Lot. What is essential to the point, however, is the way in which functions of this kind are allowed to interfere with the Club's propagandist work. Less and less appears to be done in this direction every year, and before very long the R.A.C. will be indistinguishable in character from any other club-house in Pall Mall, save for the liberality with which it furnishes facilities for outsiders. This would be reasonable enough provided that the need for such public work had ceased, and the Club were able to lay down its arms after completely vanquishing the enemy. Unfortunately, however, this success has neither been achieved nor is it within measurable distance. So long as the Motor-Car Act, with its superabundance of crudities, remains in force without emendation, and is administered in its present unjustifiable manner, it is idle to pretend or assume that the motorist now enjoys a happy lot. The simple truth of the matter is that, but for the one fact that the legal limit of speed is now twenty miles per hour instead of the twelve of the Light Locomotives Act of 1896, he is worse off in every respect than in the pioneer days. He is taxed to a more outrageous degree than in any other country, and he is daily liable to be victimised by police-trapping methods. Taxation cannot be prevented, but the way the Club committee has, year after year, tamely submitted to lie down and be kicked in this matter of police-traps is deplorable.

A Policy of Drift. For this is no question of the bare law of the land and the difficulty of moving Parliament to alter the Motor-Car Act; it is a matter of the way in which that Act is worked in one district as compared with another. Certain counties treat the automobilist with fairness, and put the law in force only when the public interest requires it, but in other counties not only is the persecuting spirit invariably displayed, but the policy of exploitation is perennially pursued with the sole object of enriching the local coffers. What has the Club done to call attention to this inequitable treatment? When has it tabulated the amounts received in fines in counties like Surrey, Middlesex, and Huntingdonshire as compared with counties where no spirit

of persecution is indulged? What has it done, moreover, by way of active protest against such invasions of the liberty of the road as that of running tram-lines over Kingston Bridge; and what steps is it taking to protest against the tinkering proposal of the Surrey County Council to widen Richmond Bridge instead of building a new and modern thoroughfare? What, again, has it done in the way of pointing out the injustice of perpetual endorsements? There are many other matters of the same kind which might be mentioned, but the upshot is simply this, that the Club in its public capacity has merely adopted a policy of drift, and is no longer a power in the land; while, notwithstanding the large number of motoring M.P.s, it does not even attempt to drill them into action and maintain a fighting force at St. Stephen's.

The Grand Prix. The revival of interest in motor-racing which I predicted a few weeks ago has

already made itself felt, and a bumper entry has been received for the French Grand Prix Race of July 4. Quite apart from later entries, which are sure to be received at double fees, the list even

now is long enough to ensure the best race that has been held for years. Thirty-nine cars, in fact, have been inscribed, and as they hail from six countries, the contest will be thoroughly international in character. France will be represented by the Peugeot, Delage, Alda, and Theodore-Schneider (three cars each); England by the Sunbeam and Vauxhall (three each); Germany by five Mercedes and three Opels; Italy by the Fiat

(three), the Aquila-Italiana (three), two Nazzaros and a Cæsar; Belgium by the Nagant (two); and Switzerland by a brace of Piccard-Pictets. One misses some famous names, of course, as always in a list of race entries, nowadays; but, on the other hand, the return of the Mercedes to the racing fold is a sign of the highest importance.



TELEGRAPHY BY SMOKE FOR AIRMEN: THE SMOKE-TELEGRAPH DEVICE ON A BRÉGUET BIPLANE—SHOWING SMOKE COMING FROM THE TUBE.

Experiments have been taking place in France with a device enabling airmen to use optical telegraphy from their aeroplanes by means of smoke-puffs. A tube is fitted to the machine (pointing astern) and communicates, by means of a valve, with a reservoir of lamp-black. A strong current of air, derived from the tractor of the aeroplane, can be driven through this tube, and, by controlling a valve, the airman allows the emission of short or long puffs of smoke representing the dots and dashes of the Morse Code.

Photograph by C.N.



SMOKE MAKING THE DOTS AND DASHES OF THE MORSE CODE: AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT, WHICH HAS JUST SIGNALLED THE LETTER V—THREE DOTS AND A DASH.

Photograph by Rol.



ON several grounds America will be pleased at the news of a coming visit from the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Neville Lytton. A tennis champion the States already possess, but Mr. Lytton's record in England is brilliant enough to stir athletic circles on the

other side; and circles that know nothing about his tennis know a deal about his painting. If he is not too busy in the tennis-court, he will be commandeered for the making of portraits. Mrs. Lytton, the beautiful daughter of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen

tenant, but that description hardly suffices. "Mr. Duke, an American," is the Mr. Duke round about whom have waged all the tobacco wars of recent years. That he has been a powerful fighter, or peace-maker, may be judged from his present position as a director of innumerable companies, or their combination. Personally, he has nothing about him of a smoke-fiend; and at Crewe House, no less than in Fifth Avenue, he will indulge a taste for taking a benevolent "bird's-eye view," as he calls it, of the world of affairs.

In the Jungle. The case of the boy who was chastised because he could not spell "rough" according to the illogical usages the Poet Laureate wishes to set at naught recalls the case of Stanley, the explorer. The Croydon youth, knowing that there was something perplexing about the word, and failing with "ruf,"

tried "rufuf." Stanley, at the Poor School which was the scene of his early tragedy, could not get on terms with "Joseph." In childish fashion he inverted two of the sounds and spelled it "Jophes." "You are obstinate," cried his master, and thrashed him. But with all the will in the world, Stanley could not penetrate the jungle of those six letters. He was beaten in vain; the only thing he learned was a sense of injustice.

A Chequered Career. It may comfort the Croydon boy, who cried while the rest of the Court was convulsed with laughter at Mr. Justice Darling's gay sallies, to know that Stanley, a schoolboys' hero, never learned to make light of his punishments. The fashion of being very brave about



TO MARRY CAPTAIN J. A. L. CAMPBELL IN APRIL:
MISS DOROTHY ROSALINDA FRANCES BLACK.

Miss Black is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Black, of 38, Prince's Gate, and The Knipp, Chiddingfold, Surrey. Captain Campbell, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is the eldest son of Mr. Colin Campbell, J.P., D.L., of Jura, Argyllshire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Blunt, and an established poet, has, like her husband, a reserve of talents. One of them (and the most reserved!) is a mastery of her husband's game, and America will be unable to produce a lady to match her, even in the most confidential of championships. For tennis is almost as badly off as cricket for first-rate feminine exponents.

The assertion that "all Society ladies" are dating their letters with the day of the year, from 1 to 365, instead of with the day of the month, is as silly as the generality of statements regarding that most maligned of classes. At one moment "all Society ladies" are being photographed bare-backed; at another they are addressing each other by their surnames only, or giving supper parties at A.B.C. shops. It would be interesting to know if even one Society woman has written "42nd, 1914," at the top of her note-paper to-day instead of Feb. 11th.

The Bird's-Eye View.

The letting of Crewe House has nothing at all to do with Lord Rosebery's illness, though it is just possible that a convalescence passed in a more amiable climate will free the Berkeley Square residence for his son and daughter-in-law when they give place to a newcomer. "An American, Mr. Duke," it is announced, is Lord Crewe's prospective



ENGAGED TO MR. NEVILLE LAWRENSON AMES:
MISS VIOLET MAY WALLIS.

Miss Wallis is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Frederick Wallis, M.B., F.R.C.S., and the niece of Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C. Mr. Ames is the eldest son of Mrs. Hugo Ames.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

such things belongs to Public School boys rather than to the youth of the slums. Perhaps a substantial diet and a healthy life make the difference. It is left to Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt to look back with mixed glee and gratitude on the birchings he received, and to the First Lord to smile at after-dinner allusions to his "a chequered early career."



ENGAGED TO MR. CECIL FORSTER: MISS MARY STIRLING.

Miss Stirling, whose engagement to Mr. Forster, of Twysden, Goudhurst, is announced, is the younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir James and Lady Stirling, of Finchcocks, Goudhurst, Kent. Her father was a Judge of the High Court, and, later, a Lord Justice of Appeal.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Lady Betty Bertie, whose engagement to Captain Trafford, of Wroxham Hall, Norfolk, is announced, is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Abingdon, and was born in 1895.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN S. W. TRAFFORD:
LADY BETTY BERTIE.

Lady Betty Bertie, whose engagement to Captain Trafford, of Wroxham Hall, Norfolk, is announced, is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Abingdon, and was born in 1895.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY THE HON. HENRY GEORGE HILL MULHOLLAND IN APRIL:
MISS SHEELAH BROOKE.

Miss Brooke, of Colebrooke Park, Co. Fermanagh, is the daughter of Gertrude Lady Brooke, widow of the late Sir Arthur Brooke, Bt. Mr. Mulholland is the third son of Lord and Lady Dunleath, and was born in 1888.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Adored Ones. There is no doubt that the Aviator has quite cut out the Actor as an object of youthful feminine adoration. Listen to a company of girls chattering, and the names of famous airmen will be bandied to and fro. Each young creature has her favourite, and will descant on his performances at length. It is quite astonishing what the modern girl knows about these machines, and the merits and drawbacks of particular monoplanes and biplanes. The Aviator has captured the feminine imagination, in England and America, to a far larger extent than he has appealed to the masculine imagination. The young men of the two great Anglo-Saxon communities, unless they are thinking of taking up aviation themselves, still prefer footballers or baseballers to flying-men. But here, the successful "looper" is petted by Society, asked to stay in great houses, and besieged for his portrait and his autograph. Beautiful ladies beseech him to take them up into the clouds, others invite him to dinner or the Opera. To be seen in his company is happiness for the ultra-modish. Women, of course, in all times and in all countries have worshipped courage. The famous bull-fighters of Seville and Madrid enjoy a social popularity equal to that of the flying-man; and did not the great Roman ladies of old smile on the gladiators of the arena? "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

Where are the
Beauties of
Yester-Year?

The lovely and haunting face of Mrs. William Morris has been so long familiar to us through Rossetti's paintings that she had already become a legend before her death the other day at Bath. With her passes away one of the last of the beauties who assisted at the Pre-Raphaelite movement of the 'sixties. Dante Rossetti was amazingly successful in his choice of models; he had his own pathetic, delicate, auburn-haired wife, the blonde and beautiful actress Miss Herbert (I believe, happily still alive), and the alluring, dusky-haired wife of his friend William Morris. One does not see faces nowadays so mysteriously lovely as this trio. To the casual observer, there seem to be more pretty girls than ever—indeed, they literally swarm—but of faces and forms which set you dreaming there is a distinct lack. The "neat parlour-maid" type is in the majority nowadays, and you may see it, crowned by a resplendent tiara or with a chin-strap of pearls, in Covent Garden boxes or at parties in Mayfair. Features are small, eyes mediocre, hands and feet larger than those of a previous generation, the waist has expanded to almost grotesque dimensions, and yet the whole effect is charming, because never was evening dress so beautiful as to-day. Then, again, the modern young woman has an alert, intellectual, shrewd expression that does not accord with perfect beauty, which should be serene and imperturbable as the goddesses of ancient Greece. On the whole, the beginning of the nineteenth century produced more famous beauties than have appeared during the last thirteen years, and it is

a moot point whether the modern woman, with her higher education and her multifarious activities, will be as strictly beautiful as her predecessor, who sat on a sofa, smiled on mankind, and counted her rings.



"EN DEMI-TOILETTE" FOR THE EVENING.

This original model is composed of black charmeuse, with tunic and bodice of accordion-pleated tulle. The sash is in a deep shade of amber panne and is tied in a large bow across the front.

Green Hair. An amazing to-do is being made just

now about the wearing of green hair, yet I fancy it will not become a general fashion, being a shade which does not "go" well with the ordinary individual's complexion. An all-wise Providence has bestowed on each of us the skin which should accompany the tint of our hair, and that is why pale people who do not take pink pills, but who put on henna, present such a disquieting spectacle. They literally look un-human; but so, to be sure, does the person arrayed with mauve, blue, or green hair. I fancy I remember, not so long ago, some theatrical production in which the chorus-girls wore bright blue wigs, and looked terrifying. Yet the bizarre is in high fashion, and one need not be the least surprised if one sees a few variegated heads at dinner-parties or at the play. In the street, the Tube, and the motor-bus I fancy that green hair would prove a trifle too conspicuous to be much worn, for that real censor of fashions, the small boy, could not be expected to "pass it" without vocal criticism—probably of a virulent kind. I suspect the whole affair to be a conspiracy of the hair-dressers, who are naturally in favour of something new and expensive. Yet a lady garbed entirely in Futurist colours might fitly complete her toilette with rich emerald or wine-coloured hair.

"Savage Sentimentalists." When someone wrote of Cicero that

he was "a Moderate of the most violent description" he invented just such a charming paradox as Mr. Joseph Conrad's latest phrase, "a Savage Sentimentalist." The Sentimentalist in question was a Poet and the father of a family (do we not all know him well?) "who had decided views of his paternal prerogatives," and consequently made himself a terror to his progeny. His son was not on speaking terms with him, and severed himself so far from the poetic home-circle as to become a skipper in the Mercantile Marine; while his daughter eloped with a neutral sort of person, whom she met first at a wayside stile near the parental domain. To such straits are reduced the victims of "Savage Sentimentalists," who never by any chance can enter into anyone else's point of view. Their parental affection is of the grasping and adhesive sort, and they flourished amazingly in Victorian times. Mrs.

Browning's father was just such an one, and I have no doubt he would liefer have seen his famous daughter chained to a sofa in the parental home than happy and well with a husband not of his choosing. Mr. H. G. Wells has given us one or two startling portraits of this kind of parent, who will, however, tend to disappear with the present revolutionary attitude of the younger generation.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 25.

THE GREAT CENTRAL DIVIDEND.

WHEN referring to the first of the Home Railway dividend announcements, we pointed out that working costs were apparently even higher than expected, and subsequent dividends and reports have confirmed this view. The latest announcement is that of the Great Central Railway, which, we must confess, is somewhat disappointing.

All stocks down to and including the 1891 Preference receive their dividend in full, and 2 per cent. for the whole year is paid upon the 5 per cent. Preference stock of 1894. £8700 then remains to be carried forward.

A year ago, the 1891 Preference received only 1½ per cent., £9000 was carried forward, and £10,000 placed to steam-ship insurance account. As there is no mention of any similar allocation on the present occasion, we presume it has not been made.

The additional dividend on the 1891 Preference absorbs £55,750, and 2 per cent. on the £3,100,000 1894 Preference is equivalent to £62,000. Together these amount to £117,750, and if from this is subtracted the above-mentioned £10,000 and £300, being the difference in the carry-forward, we get £107,450 as the increase in net revenue. In view of the gross traffic increase of £612,300, this is not so good as we expected—in fact, we looked for another £60,000 or £70,000 in the net profit. On the other hand, the present results are the best for very many years. Current traffics show steady increases, and we continue to hear encouraging reports of the effect of Immingham Dock. The development of the Doncaster coal-field and the growing suburban traffic should compensate this Company for any decline in general trade. Whilst admitting, therefore, that the dividend has disappointed us, we still hold the opinion that both the 1891 and 1894 Preference stocks are likely to appreciate during the next few years.

THE NEW BELGIAN LOAN.

We hope sincerely that the unqualified success of all the recent high-class issues will not render investors careless. A prospectus needs just as close consideration when markets are good as it does when they are bad, and a low yield does not necessarily mean an excellent investment.

The case we have in mind is the new Belgian Loan, which is quoted at 3 premium. An unbiassed examination fails to reveal any remarkable attraction about the stock, and at this price the "flat" yield is only 3¼ per cent. The profit on redemption is, of course, the attraction; but what does this amount to for the average person? If the stock is held for twenty-five years, it is true that it will be redeemed at par; but that is looking rather a long way ahead, and in the meantime the Belgian Government will probably be able to buy all they require at the present price for many years to come. The low yield will, in our opinion, prevent any appreciation for some long time.

The strategical position of Belgium, which makes it inevitably the central battle-ground in the event of a European war, can hardly be considered an added attraction.

It seems to us, therefore, that there are many Trustee securities which are equally safe, which are redeemable quite as soon, and which offer a better yield.

BROKEN HILL.

The improved tone of the stock markets is hardly sufficient to explain the recent strength of the shares of those Mining Companies operating in the Barrier District of New South Wales. We understand the true explanation lies in the results of exhaustive experiments which have lately been completed with a new process for treating the accumulated "slimes." Up till now no method had been discovered of profitably extracting the lead and silver when the average contents were as low as is the case with the "slimes"; but, by means of the new process, a profit of something like 20s. per ton seems probable in many cases. Broken Hill North and South Companies, Zinc Corporation, and others are installing the necessary plant, and we presume the rest of the Companies will shortly follow suit. The rise in the price of lead has also improved the outlook, and, altogether, this group of mines should repay a little attention.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"If anyone had had the money," remarked the senior partner, "what a devil of a lot he could have made during the last month."

"The money and the pluck," corrected the clerk.

The still-more-senior partner laughed quietly. "A great many people had both those necessary attributes," he said, "once upon a time; but they mostly lost the one or the other before the end of 1913. Jobbing backward is one of the silliest as well as one of the easiest games going."

"Some of them lost both," admitted the senior partner, "but appear to have got back the pluck, if not the money."

"It's the spring," interrupted the clerk. "Wasn't it Longfellow who wrote—

For winter maketh the light heart sad;
And spring—thou makest the sad heart gay.

All the markets are going better."

"What I always complain about with you youngsters," said the still-more-senior partner, "is lack of restraint—"

"All the things I've recommended are going up, at all events," replied the clerk, who never would be squashed. "You—"

"What about North Cauc production, that's down?" was the triumphant rejoinder.

The clerk laughed cheerfully. "Don't you worry about that; once the new derricks are completed in place of those which were burnt, you'll see a big jump"—and he went off into a long-winded eulogy of the shares until the senior partner interrupted.

"Did you hear how the Shell people were beaten by a short head the other day?" he asked. "Apparently, they and the Standard Oil crowd were turning what I believe our young friend would call the 'cheerful optic' upon the Constantine Oil Company's property. When they finally made up their minds, they found the Pearson group had slipped in and got the boring rights, etc., only ten minutes before them!"

"Am I to understand that you are tipping Constantine Oil?" inquired the still-more-senior partner severely.

"Heaven forbid!" was the answer. "I only give the yarn for what it's worth."

"Sounds like a regular Stock Exchange tale," remarked the clerk, "needing salt. The last good one I heard from that quarter was about a taxi-driver—" The others apparently knew it: at all events, cries of "Blue pencil" prevented its appearance in this column.

"What about South Crofty?" inquired the senior partner, tactfully changing the subject. "You recommended me to buy some four months ago?"

"They're doing very well; I hear that they earned about 48 per cent. on their capital last year, so a further 2s. a share is not impossible. My other mining tip, Renong Dredging, was a good one too; they're over 2½—"

"That's not so good as Russo-Asiatics," said the still-more-senior. "I know a man who bought a call option at 2¼ for 3s. 6d. a share, and it runs to the end of this month!"

"The fruit of the tree of knowledge," was the clerk's comment. "What does the much-to-be-envied-one say about them now?"

"He says they'll go to 7 or 8, but—I don't know. Anyhow, what I really want is a good sound purchase which is certain to rise before the leaves fall again, and—"

"International Railways of Central America Prefs," suggested the clerk, "or Guayaquil."

"Bank shares are worth considering," said the senior partner.

"You're both so generous with advice," continued the still-more-senior, "that you didn't let me finish, but I know you'll complete the job by lending me some money with which to benefit by the advice?"

But answer came there none.

Saturday, Feb. 7, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. A. G.—We have nothing new to add to our last reply. We will make some more inquiries, however, and answer next week if we can learn anything.

SNOWY.—(1) We think they should be worth 90. (2) Not easy to find. We can only suggest Egyptian Salt and Soda or N. Caucs, and both are speculative. (3) We do not advise.

HORSESHOE.—On further inquiry we think you can safely hold the shares. The market is in Birmingham, and the price, 20s.

R. M. (Ayrshire).—We don't think much of either Mine or of the people who run them. Markets, however, look better, and if you have a heavy loss, you might hold a bit longer. But sell when you can.

HERON.—A fair spec., but don't run profits too far. We prefer other shares in the same market.

C. H.—Tickets can only be obtained from members of the club in question.

CORNUBIAN.—(1) The shares were ex dividend on Dec. 11. (2) We think you can get the information from the publishers of the *Bondholders' Register*, 73, Farringdon Street.

TIMID.—You can get 4 per cent. safely on many of the new Colonial loans—such as Sierra Leone 4 per cents and South Australia 4 per cents; or you can buy South Africa 4 per cents, or Queensland 3½ per cents at 95½, redeemable before 1960. You will then be quite safe.

PISTOL (?) (G. F. C.).—San Paulo Notes at 1½ premium, or Leopoldina Terminal Debentures at 101 should suit. Why not buy some of good Trust Company's stocks? The Trust shares should be held a bit longer, as they may improve with all Egyptians.

THEO.—We are very glad our advice turned out so successful. We suggest St. James and Pall Mall Electric Light Ordinary, Foreign and Colonial Trust Deferred, J. Sears and Co. Preferences, and a few of Nos. 4, 5, and 7 on your list.

BOLUS.—We have not yet had the time to complete the necessary inquiries, but we will answer next week.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Warwick Castle.

American papers say that negotiations are on foot for the acquisition of a lease of Warwick Castle by Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Marsh, and for a lease as long as they can get it. The Castle is, as everyone knows, beautiful; it is

historic, and the private portion of it is charming and very comfortable. There are others who are trying for a lease of this perfect old place, and it will, if let at all, go to those ready to pay the most. Mr. Marsh is immensely wealthy. Mrs. Marsh is a petite, blonde, dainty-looking woman; she is not an American, like her husband. Until recently they lived at Knebworth—not ancient and historic like Warwick Castle, but celebrated as being the home of Bulwer Lytton



TO BE MARRIED ON FEB. 14: MISS ATHENE SEYLER AND MR. J. B. STERNDALE BENNETT.

Miss Athene Seyler, the well-known actress, made her debut at the Kingsway in 1909, as Pamela Grey in "The Truants." She was Water in "The Blue Bird" in 1910, and Janet Colquhoun in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." She is to appear in a London production soon after her marriage. Mr. Sterndale Bennett is a grandson of the famous composer, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, and his father was Headmaster of Derby School. He is a journalist, on the Amalgamated Press. At Cambridge he edited "The Granta."

Photographs by Lena Connell.

and of his son "Owen Meredith," first Earl of Lytton. Knebworth was rented also for a time by the late Lord Strathcona, and is now tenanted, by the year, by the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch of Russia. The late Countess of Warwick, who was a sister of the venerable Earl of Wemyss, was very proud of Warwick Castle and of the art treasures it contained. The idea of this ancestral pile being let is enough to make her return and haunt it.

The First Presentation in Canada.

The Duke of Connaught received, at the first Court at Ottawa, Lady Decies, whose husband, Lord Decies, was his A.D.C. in 1900-1. Lady Decies, it will be remembered, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, of New York, a very pretty and a very charming young married woman. She was the first to be received at the third and last Drawing-Room, and was, with her distinguished soldier husband, a guest of the Duke of Connaught. Princess Patricia did not sit on the dais beside his Royal Highness, as the Duchess of Connaught would have done had she been able to be present, but quite near at one side of it. His Royal Highness was attended by the Hon. Katharine Villiers and Lord Spencer Compton, brother of the Marquess of Northampton. Princess Patricia is a great favourite in the Dominion, as she is everywhere.



OUT WITH THE QUORN AFTER THE HUNT BALL AT MELTON MOWBRAY: LADY KATHLEEN HILL (ON THE LEFT) AND MISS PARKER.

Lady Kathleen Hill, who is sixteen this year, is the only daughter of the Marquess of Downshire. She has two brothers—the Earl of Hillsborough and Lord Arthur Francis Henry Hill.

Photograph by Barrett.

The Minuet à la Cour.

The Queen countenances the minuet, and even encourages the idea of including this fascinating measure in State Ball programmes. It would be a suitable dance for men and women in State clothes—it seems to demand knee-breeches and swords for men, and brocades and satins for women. I wish the minuet at the Court every success, and if it succeeds there it will in other ball-rooms. It is a dance in which diplomatists and illustrious people, who, by nature of their great positions, are no longer in the flush of youth, can take part with dignity and with pleasure.

Our Royal Diana.

Princess Mary is showing herself an admirable horsewoman. She is an enthusiast for hunting, and from Windsor Castle has been out with the Garth, of which Mr. R. Gosling is now Master. Her Royal Highness, beautifully mounted, acquitted herself very well. She was accompanied by



AT A MEET OF THE QUORN AT MELTON MOWBRAY: LADY GWENDELIN CHURCHILL AND CAPTAIN HAROLD BRASSEY.

This was the first meet of the Quorn after the recent Hunt Ball. Lady Gwendeline Churchill (formerly Lady Gwendeline Bertie) is a daughter of the Earl of Abingdon by his second marriage. She married Mr. John Churchill, brother of Mr. Winston Churchill, in 1908.—[Photograph by Barrett.]



SHES ON SKIS AND KNICKERS ON SHES: GARMENTS THAT HAVE SHOCKED FRAU GRUNDY, OF RHINELAND.

Woman's efforts to familiarise the public with the fact that she is a biped, like man, have not found favour in Rhineland. In that province of Prussia an association has been formed to denounce the wearing of knickers by women for winter-sport, and it is said that the association is even attempting to persuade keepers of hotels and restaurants to boycott women thus garbed. As our photograph shows, knickers for feminine winter-sporters are not only a very sensible costume, but also very becoming and entirely unobjectionable.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

The Hats that Come in the Spring.

Head-gear to match tailor-made coats and skirts is made a specialty by that wonderfully clever house of Harrod's, known in every corner of the world. They have published a book, illustrating costume-millinery in such a way that the woman who looks may learn just what will suit her among the coming modes, its price, and of what it is composed. Nor is this all—selections will be submitted for approval. It is, therefore, a

question of one of the most difficult points of women's dress being made quite easy. The hats illustrated are pretty, practical, becoming, chic, and exclusive; what would any woman more? Yes, one thing: that they be moderate in price. Well, they are that also.

An Interesting Engagement.

Mr. John Campbell Boot, son of Sir Jesse and Lady Boot, of Nottingham, is engaged to be married to Miss Margaret Joyce Pyman, daughter of Mr. Frederick Haigh Pyman, of 82, Fitzjohn's Avenue, and Lunsley, near Whitby.



OUT WITH THE QUORN AFTER THE HUNT BALL AT MELTON MOWBRAY: LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Viscount Castlereagh, who is M.P. (Conservative) for Maidstone, is the son and heir of the Marquess of Londonderry. He is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards. Lady Castlereagh is a daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin.

Photograph by Barrett.

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

"**PARSIFAL**," followed by "Joseph," provided piquant change of mood and method at Covent Garden last week. While one hastens to pay all due tribute to the Grand Opera Syndicate for producing Wagner's ultimate effort so lavishly and in such reverent spirit, let it be suggested openly and bluntly that "Parsifal" does not find the composer at his best. The story is remarkable, the conception is the work of a man of genius; but when we turn to the music, there is much that sounds like a tired echo of earlier thoughts. Mysticism is one of the mainstays of the opera; but do the actual happenings justify the twice-told tales of Gurnemanz, who, like Wotan, is all too garrulous? There are moments in the opera when Wagner's genius seems to shine in almost dazzling light, and there are moments that vie in sheer dullness with the most tiresome of the "Ring." As a spectacle of the old-fashioned kind, nothing better has been seen in London. Frau Eva von der Osten's Kundry is a great performance not lightly to be missed; her scene with Klingsor thrills. That Herr Knupfer keeps Gurnemanz impressive and arresting through many a dull passage is greatly to the credit of his art; but Herr Hensel is not one of those Parsifals whom one would have missed had Klingsor's spear been even more effective than it was against Amfortas. The best to be said about him by way of epitaph would be that he was a conscientious tenor who sang in tune. There praise would end.

Perhaps we have grown a little older than "Parsifal." Operas, unless they be of a simple and unpretentious kind, age rapidly, and, after thirty years, the generation that was struck breathless by a novelty is succeeded by one that is less easily impressed by the things that were. Wagner gave us a world of his own creation, a strangely attractive jumble of creeds and emotions blended with all the art of a man who had in him something of the showman as well as the artist. Following Wagner, *longo intervallo*, comes Strauss, and gives us, in "Salome" and "Elektra," little though we may like them, the dry bones of history and classic lore living again.

Before the advent of Dr. Strauss, "Parsifal" must have been far more effective. It is making an enormous appeal here now; but, for all the unwisdom of prophecy, it is safe to say that the appeal will pass. The only way to keep such a work on the active list would be to prune it where needful. A full hour could be cut away, and should be, though the purists shrieked their loudest. One does not love these all-too-ardent Wagnerites. Some are said to have gone on their knees at intervals during the opening performance; and others, remembering Bayreuth, were anxious that there should be no applause, as though this were not a work of art

produced for commercial as well as other purposes. Let us clear our minds of cant. By the side of "Tristan," "Walküre," and "Meistersinger," "Parsifal" becomes almost second-rate.

It will be a thousand pities if "Joseph," overshadowed by "Parsifal," is unable to attract the attention of the public. Surely a more simple, pleasant, and melodious opera has not been heard for many years at Covent Garden. The story is familiar, and can be followed by anybody; the music, for all its sweetness, is the embodiment of simplicity; the mounting provides pictures that might have been inspired by Tissot. The company engaged is excellent; for the first time in many years we have had the chance of hearing a really good German tenor—it was generally understood that Mrs. Betsy Prig's famous reference to Mrs. Harris applied here. It will be remembered that she said, "I don't believe there's no sech person." But there is a first-class German tenor; he is singing the title-role in Méhul's opera, and his name is Herr Johannes Sembach—surely a name to be gratefully remembered.

Like Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," Méhul's opera has no woman in it, but the part of Benjamin is written for a girl. Jacob, his dozen sons, and an attendant on Joseph are the only characters that count, but the interest never flags, nor does the charm suffer even a momentary lapse. It may be that the opera is too unsophisticated for a modern audience that clamours for blood or lust, or the two in combination; but there should be room and a warm welcome for "Joseph" in every city where lovers of opera are gathered together, and the cost of mounting the work need not be excessive. The Covent Garden directorate has been very generous in this regard, but the music has an intrinsic charm that would serve in a less attractive setting. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted with extreme care, and the chorus had been well rehearsed. Nobody who loves opera for its own sake and does not trouble about the fashion of the moment can afford to miss "Joseph." The music reminds the listener of Gluck, and there is a certain direct simplicity of thought and expression that comes gratefully to ears tired by the stress of the modern note. We may find ourselves wondering whether art that is allied to simplicity and has elemental claims upon the attentive listener is not, in the long run, more enduring than art that seeks to move far in advance of its time along uncharted paths. Méhul's opera is a century old, and sounds quite fresh; it is impossible to doubt that our children and our children's children will hear it with pleasure if they get the chance. Would anyone care to say as much for a Wagner from whom no redundancies have been shorn away? The success of "Parsifal" proves nothing, for the demand preceded the supply. If it can succeed year after year, it will become time to take it seriously. B.

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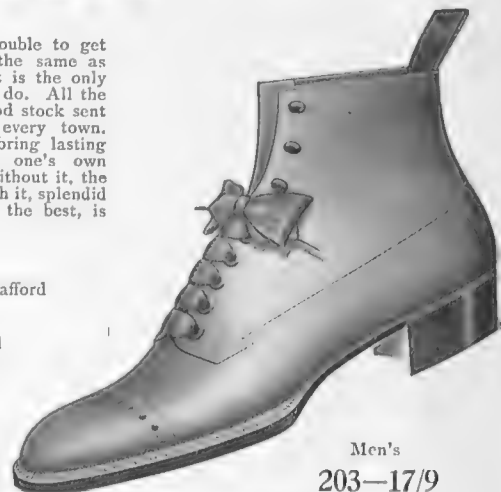
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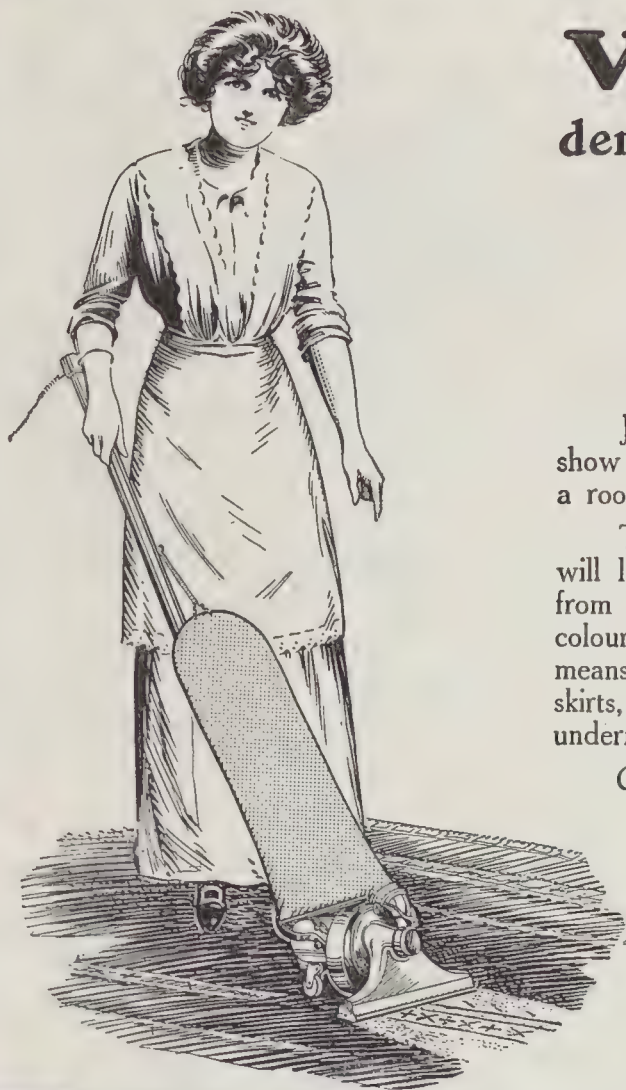


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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Bobbing and Curling; Horsy Matters; "The Girl Who Didn't" Dog Show; Off to the Fancy-Dress Ball; Miss Lily Brayton as Marsinah; Fancy Dress; The Ghost-Girls; Miss Isobel Elsom; Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's Great-Grand-Daughter Interested in the Cross of the Legion of Honour; Shoeing the Bare Feet, "Broadway Jones."



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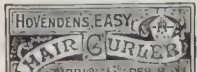
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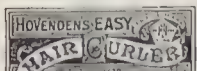
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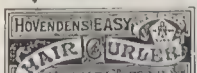
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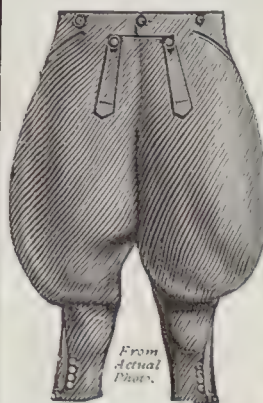
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4 Solid Dark Walnut Bedroom Suites at	5	17	6
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3 Pretty French Design White-Enamelled Bedroom Suites at	5	15	0
3 Single White Enamelled Bedsteads to match at	1	7	6
3 Large White Enamelled Bedroom Suites at	8	15	0
3 Double White Enamelled Bedsteads to match, complete at	1	12	6
1 Very Elegant White Enamelled ditto, with 2 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe at	18	18	0
3 Handsome Mahogany Bedroom Suites at	7	15	0
3 Single Sheraton Design Bedsteads, complete to match at	1	17	6
2 Large Choice Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suites at	10	10	0
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Costly Large Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. Wardrobe at	22	10	0
Pair Sheraton Design Twin Bedsteads to match at	4	10	0
Very Choice Unique Real Silver Ash Bedroom Suite, with Silver-plated Fittings at	19	19	0

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Fine set of Georgian Design Oak Chairs with Rush Seats, perfect preservation, 8 in all	7	15	0
Heavy Black and Copper Club Fender, Upholstered Morocco Seat top	3	3	0
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Cupboard, 4 ft. wide	8	15	0
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Settee, 5 ft. 2 in. wide	3	3	0
Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide	9	9	0
Elegant Grandfather Clock, chiming on lower tables	18	18	0
FINE COLLECTION OF OLD DUTCH MARQUETTERIE IN LAID FURNITURE, in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaux, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, etc., etc. Would suit Connoisseur.	25	0	0
The Very Fine Baby Grand Piano-forte. A Magnificent Instrument	25	0	0
The Costly Bronze and Marble Clock, and 2 Side Pieces, with Rich Ormolu Mounts	7	7	0
Valuable Set of Table Crystal Glass, about 100 Pieces	4	15	0
Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf	4	10	0
Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelled Seat and Shaped Legs, very fine work	7	15	0
5 ft. wide Queen Anne Design Sideboard	6	17	6
3 ft. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk combined, very choice	7	15	0
The Massive Solid Fumigated Oak Sideboard, fitted Handsome Glass Back	3	15	0
Overmantel, fitted Bevelled Plate, Solid Oak	1	10	0
The Very Fine Hepplewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard	10	10	0

2 Very Fine Carving Chairs, with Seats Upholstered in Embossed Real Leather, and 6 Smaller Chairs to match	12	12	0
DINING TABLE, extending with extra leaf, Shaped Legs, to match	3	15	0
The Very Fine Bookcase, fitted large Cupboard at bottom, to match	6	6	0
4 ft. wide Leather Lined Pedestal Writing Table, fitted Drawers down each side en suite	6	15	0
The Very Fine Large Chesterfield Settee	5	5	0
Set of Sheraton Design Dining-Room Furniture, consisting of Choice Design Buffet Sideboard	5	15	0
Overmantel to match	1	17	6
2 Fine Carving Chairs and 6 Small, choicely upholstered in Morocco leather	12	15	0
Choice Sheraton Extending Dining Table	5	5	0
Very Fine Armour Bright Fender Suite with Implements all complete	2	10	0
Exceptionally Fine 6 ft. wide Sheraton Design Sideboard	2	10	0
Choice Overmantel, to match back of Sideboard	8	15	0
Set of Dining Tables, en suite, extending to about 10 ft. long	12	12	0
Set of Very Magnificent Dining Chairs, comprising 6 small and 2 majestic Arm Chairs, Sheraton Design Frames, inlaid with Kingwood	28	10	0

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Upright Grand Piano, Overstrung. A magnificent instrument, nearly new. Listed at 115 Gns.	27	0	0
6 ft. 6 in. wide Amboyne Cabinet, inlaid with Ivory and Richly Mounted	18	18	0
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Louis XIV. design Ladies' Writing Escripioire, Leather top	1	15	0
Louis XIV. design Occasional Table	1	5	0
A Very Costly Louis XIV. All-Brass Fender Suite	8	10	3
Carved and Gilt 7-piece Louis XVI. Salon Set, comprising Settee, 2 Easy Chairs and 4 Small Chairs	9	9	0
Three Carved and Gilt Bergere Chairs, loose down Seats and Footstools	12	10	0
Pair of Valuable Old Carved and Gilt Torchiere	5	5	0
Carved and Gilt Centre Table, Italian Marble Top	4	15	0
6 Louis XIV. Gilt Cane Seat Occasional Chairs	0	18	6
Costly Carved and Gilt Graduated Folding Screen, fitted Bevelled Glass and Silk Panels	12	12	0
3 Very Fine Chesterfield Settees, 6 ft. 6 in. long	4	15	0
2 smaller ditto	3	17	6
6 Large, Softly Sprung Chesterfield Easy Chairs	2	15	0
4 ditto smaller	1	17	6
Fine Complete Collection of Satin Wood Drawing-Room Furniture, very beautifully Painted Medallions, comprising Cabinets, Tables, Escripioire, etc. Impossible to describe, would suit Connoisseur.	57	15	0
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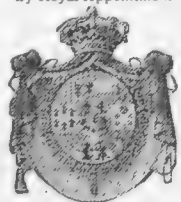
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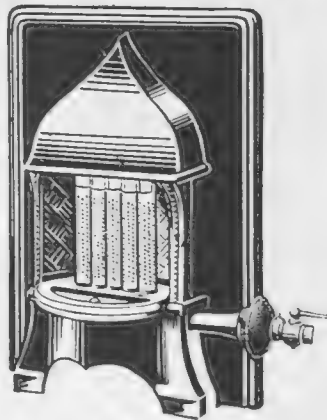
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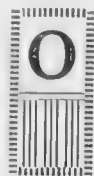
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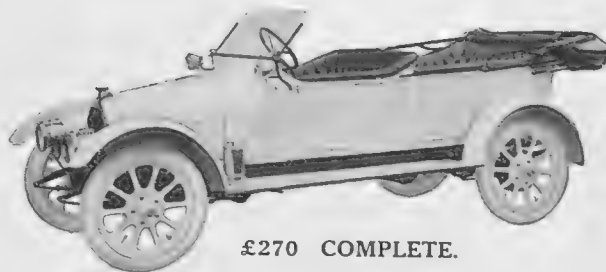
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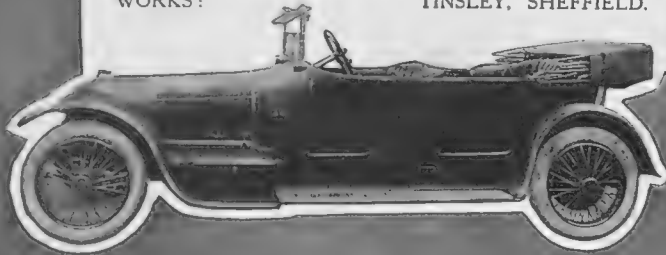
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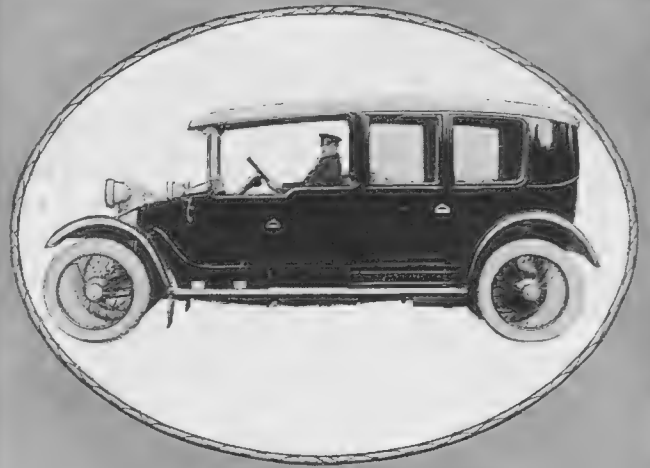
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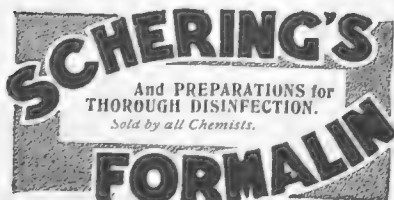
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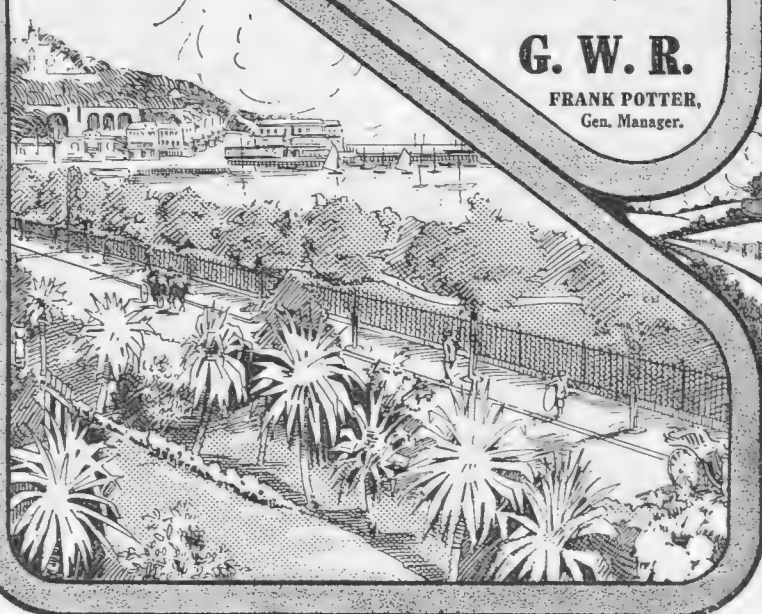
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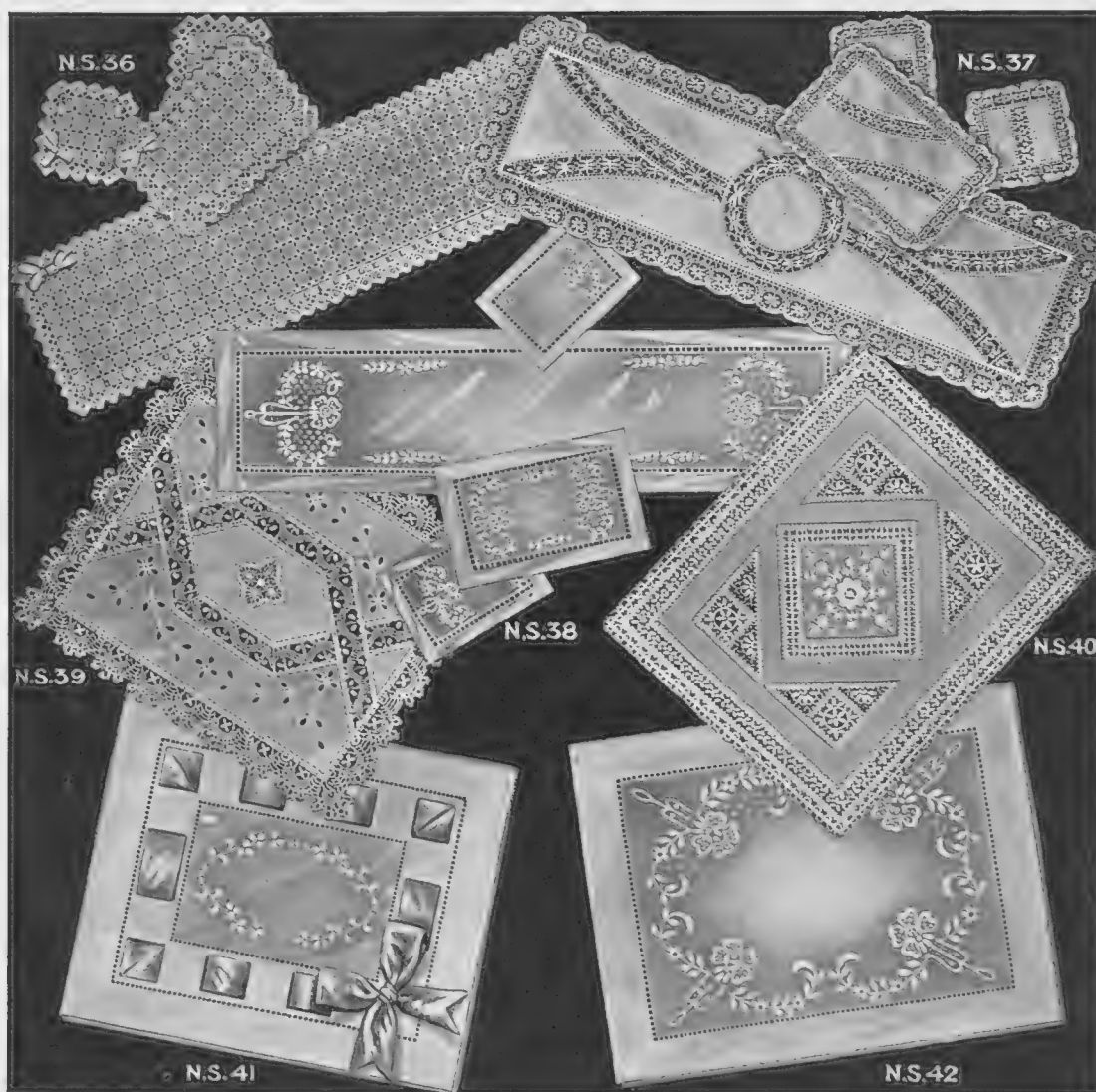
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

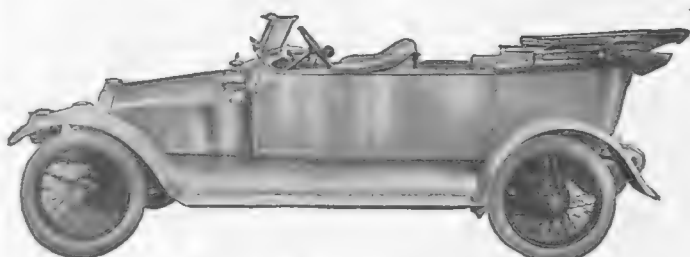
AN improbable story of adventure is "The Queen's Champion," at the Aldwych Theatre, showing no signs of an attempt to create real characters or write dialogue with any style. Indeed, the one effort at writing was in the comic part—that of the Canadian hero's servant, who came from Peckham or Pittsburg, and found that the inhabitants of Delitza, one of the Ruritanian States, had no difficulty in understanding Cockney Americanisms and appreciating his whisky jests. Certainly the audience liked them, and it was thrilled by the tale about the Canadian who saved the pretty Queen from the plots of her wicked cousin and then married her. I ought to mention that he himself is supposed to be the King—*de jure*—in disguise, though, since his father's marriage was morganatic, his title seemed disputable. Miss Una Venning played agreeably as the Queen, and Mr. James Carew acted with plenty of life and some humour in the part of the hero. The audience joyed in the humours of Mr. Sid Kearns as the low-comedian.

One could bet safely that the "Broadway Jones" presented at the Prince of Wales's bears little resemblance to the four-act play as originally written by Mr. George Cohan. Once upon a time, I fancy, it was a rather sober farce with quite an interesting story concerning the combat of a small chewing-gum factory against a chewing-gum Trust: this story occupies the second act and the third, and is really entertaining. The first and fourth acts apparently come from a musical comedy. It is even conceivable that Mr. Seymour Hicks might claim something like a part-authorship in them—a statement based upon mere conjecture, and not actionable. A wonderful man, Mr. Hicks, in the part of the prodigal son who, instead of coming home for the fatted calf, gets engaged to an elderly woman for her money—not a very pretty transaction. What energy, what swiftness of speech and rapidity of movement, what bustle, what vitality, and none of that vulgar quality of repose about which critics sometimes rave. The dialogue is packed full with jokes—not all of them, perhaps, belonging to this century, and, of course, most of them native to the States, but they amused us. Possibly the critics said that some of them were out of place or out of character; but what did that matter—they were there and they were jokes, and who asks more in a hybrid entertainment? But there was more. We had the presence of Miss Ellaline Terriss, reposeful, sincere, and delightful, quite an adorable lady accountant, whose influence over the scatter-brained Broadway Jones was easily explained by her charm: the London stage is richer for her presence.

Also there was a newcomer from the States, a Mr. Thomas Meigham, who played an American version of "My Friend Charles" excellently; and Miss Elizabeth Watson acted ably as the elderly lady with money.

"The Ladies' Comedy," which appeared at a matinée at the Little Theatre last week, shows Mr. Maurice Hewlett as a clever imitator of the early Italian comedy of intrigue. The interest of it was partly historical; but it was also a very pretty essay in the art of writing graceful English, and there was in it a touch of satirical humour which made it quite an entertaining little play. It might have been more lightly acted; but Miss Edith Evans masqueraded well as an imitation Count, and Mr. William Armstrong was good as an imitation lady's maid. There were two other plays in the programme. "One Good Turn," by Messrs. Martin Swaine and Eille Norwood, was a grim but ingenious hoax which succeeded in puzzling the audience to the end; and in "Rahab," by Mr. Kenelm Foss, Miss Ruth Mackay and Mr. Baliol Holloway played powerfully in what was a strong piece of melodrama between a Salvation Army man and a lady of the town, but they did not succeed in making their behaviour seem probable.

Judging by its reception, one may assume that "The Tyranny of Tears" is going to join the very select collection of 1913-14 successes. No wonder! It is a light comedy deftly written, and its subject appeals to many of the men. For Mrs. Parbury, who gets her way by tears, figures in numerous households; and there are thousands of husbands anxious to know how to deal with her. Perhaps Mr. Haddon Chambers hardly shows how husbands are to meet this form of conjugal tactics—indeed, although one finds at the end that Mrs. Parbury is defeated and repentant, one does not quite see the cause of Parbury's triumph. This fact may make the play popular with the ladies, who, it may be, will fancy that the apparent submission was not genuine, and guess that if there had been a fifth act we should have seen this modern Niobe once more ruling the roast. Anyhow, both sexes will find much amusement in the somewhat superficial comedy, which bears its fifteen years of life very well. A noteworthy cast has been assembled. Miss Ethel Irving of course represents Mrs. Parbury quite brilliantly—I merely hint that she might exercise her rare power of exhibiting wrath just a little bit in the jealousy scene. Mr. Robert Loraine acts very ably as the rather colourless Parbury. Miss Evelyn d'Alroy, if a trifle too emotional, presented the pretty secretary very cleverly—but where did she get those costumes? Mr. Kerr played the cynical wooer with quiet humour; and Mr. Alfred Bishop is quite delightful as the naughty old widower.



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These photographs show Miss Lily Brayton as Marsinah, a "Slice of the Moon" for beauty and daughter of Hajj, the Beggar, in "Kismet"—which, by the way, is to be revived by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Brayton early next month, at the Globe.

Photographs by Rita Martin ; Setting by "The Sketch."

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4 "A CHINESE."

2. "THE 'MERVEILLEUSE' OF 1914."

5. "THE CAGE OF BIRDS."

3. "A 'TRAVIATA' FIGURE."

6. "A 'LA TOSCA' FIGURE."

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GOWNS FOR THE GAY — FROM THAT OF A WOMAN OF THE B

From left to right are seen "A Woman of the Balkans"; "La Pisanella"; "1860"; "A I

FROM THE DRAWING BY

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What is described in that country of strange words and much ingenuity as an "eerie stunt" is taking place at the New York Hippodrome, where a thrill is provided by ghost-girls, who appear suddenly, shimmering, in the darkened auditorium, flit about, and disappear as mysteriously as they came, representing all the white spirits of men long dead. Here is the secret. The girls wear

garments of soft leather coated with phosphorescent salts, which absorb and retain light. For over half an hour before they appear they stand so clad to be bathed in the light of powerful lamps. On entering the darkened auditorium they are covered with black cloaks and so are invisible. They "appear" by the removal of the cloaks; and "disappear" by resuming them.

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Miss Isobel Elsom, the Gaiety's new leading lady—that is to say, the Doris of "After the Girl"—is only nineteen and has risen rapidly from the chorus. She was in "The Dancing Mistress," at the Adelphi, and in "The Girl on the Film," at the

Gaiety. At the Adelphi again for "The Girl from Utah," she understudied Miss Phyllis Dare, and on occasion played her part, a rôle she was also seen in at the King's Theatre, Glasgow. She is pretty and fair.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

THE TOUCH-THE-GREAT-HEART PICTURE AS IT IS IN FRANCE.





BOUND TO PLEASE THE LADIES! MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER INTERESTED
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The Touch-the-Great-Heart picture (otherwise, "The Kiss Mammy!") is a very familiar thing in the United States, and scarcely less prominent in this country. The continent of Europe as a whole has been somewhat free from it; but it is not always so; witness the charming illustration here given, which will certainly please the

ladies, and especially fond mothers. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, it will be recalled, received her exceedingly well-deserved appointment to be a Chevalière of the Legion of Honour the other day. The great-grand-daughter shown is the child of Mme. Edgard Gross, daughter of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's son Maurice.

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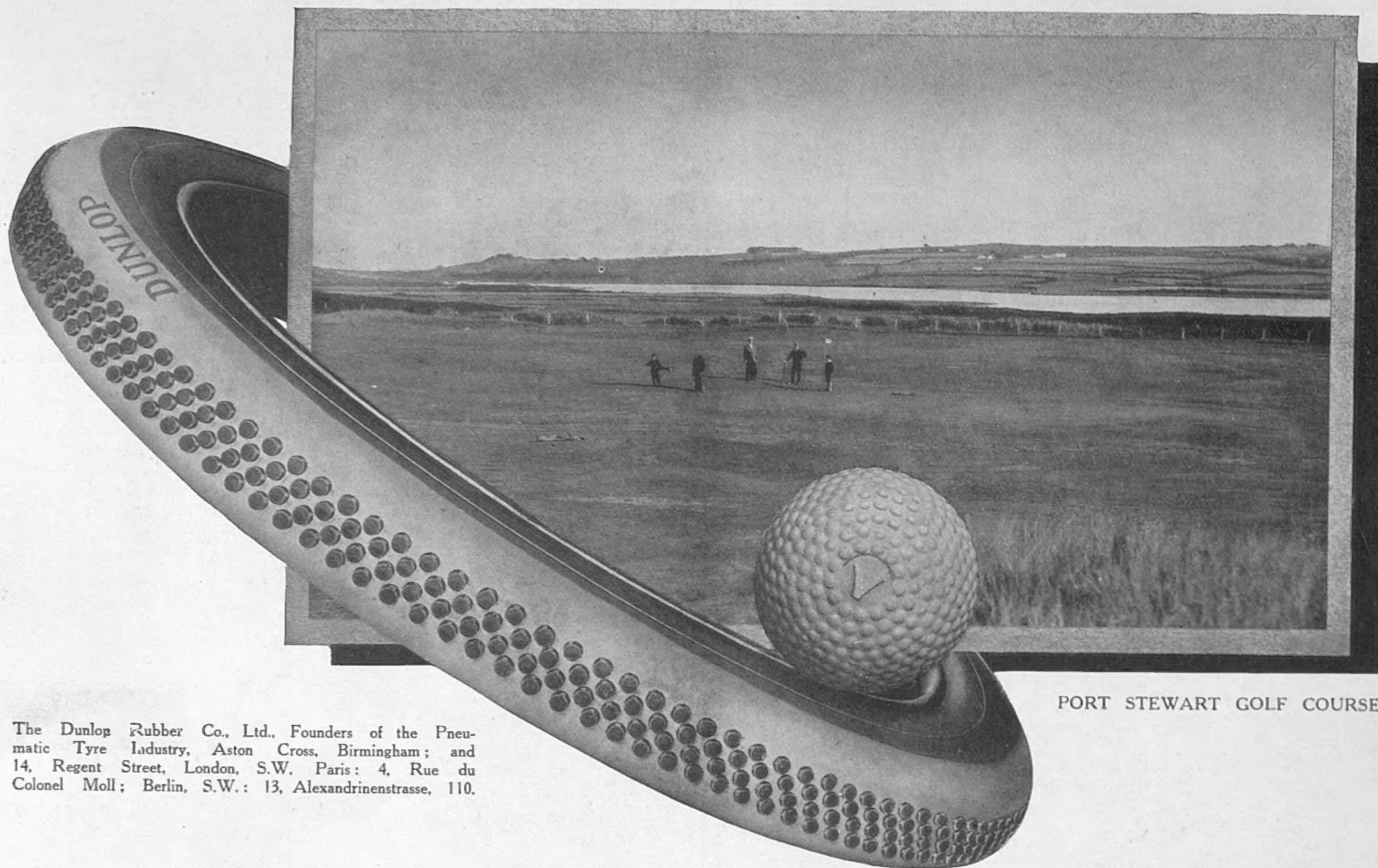
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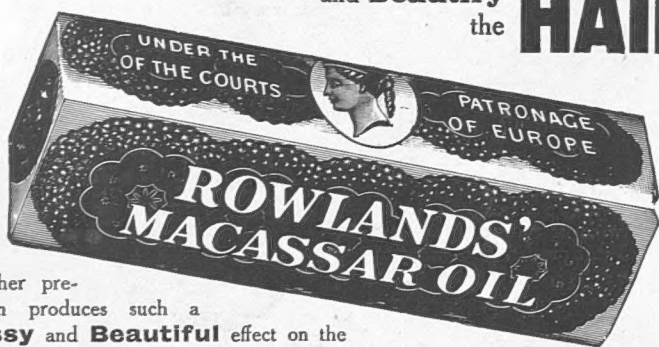


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MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT, and MILK in Powder Form.

There is no one to whom the use of Horlick's Malted Milk will not prove beneficial. A sweeping statement but one which is made with the confidence of experience. The combined nutritive qualities of rich milk and the finest malted cereals form a perfect and natural food, and with these as its constituent parts Horlick's Malted Milk appeals to one and all, meeting in each case the special dietetic needs of the individual. Either as a complete or supplementary diet it stands alone and unrivalled, having the fullest endorsement of the entire Medical Profession and the leading Physical Culture Experts.

Readily assimilated with little tax on digestion, Horlick's nourishes, sustains and invigorates, supplies strength and vitality and builds up and maintains health, fitness and stamina. To the Business-man the regular use of Horlick's is especially valuable as it prevents fatigue and restores energy, and the Athlete finds in it the best training diet. In the home Horlick's is a valuable and delicious food-beverage suitable for all and more beneficial than tea, coffee, cocoa, etc.

**Ready in a moment with Hot or Cold Water only.
NO ADDED MILK OR COOKING REQUIRED.
Served in Hotels, Restaurants, Cafés, and Club Houses.**

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK LUNCH TABLETS

A delicious food confection to be dissolved in the mouth, containing all the beneficial qualities of Horlick's in powder form.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at 1/6, 2/6 & 11/-.

Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK Co., Slough, Bucks.